

JUL 20 1916

DETROIT

# The Nation

VOL. XIX., No. 14.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 4d.; Abroad 1d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	389	Compulsory Service and Prussianism. By G. G. Coulton ...	406
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Shooting of Conscientious Objectors By E. Melland ...	407
The Secret of Verdun ...	392	The Future Government of the Empire. By Roland Muirhead ...	407
The Empire Re-Made ...	393	POETRY:—	
Follies of the Paris Conference ...	394	Resurrection: Three Sonnets. By Lionel Smith-Gordon...	407
THE FATE OF IRELAND By H. W. M. ...	395	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By Penguin ...	408
THE ARAB REVOLT. By Sir Edwin Pears ...	396	REVIEWS:—	
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	398	A Prophet of Hope. By H. W. N. ...	409
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Rebel and Literary Critic... 410	
In Suspense ...	399	A Footnote to Shakespeare 412	
Sister Augustine ...	400	The Misunderstanding of Handel ...	414
MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.—VII. By H. G. Wells ...	402	A Swedish Author ...	416
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
“Our Want in Education.” By the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam, C. E. Maurice, An Elementary Teacher, Arnold Merrick, and David Alec Wilson ...	404	Pleasures and Palaces ...	418
Progress in History. By F. S. Marvin ...	406	English Public Health Administration ...	418
		The Drink Problem of Today ...	418
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	418

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE moving events on the Eastern front must not blur our full appreciation of the fact that the critical area of the war is in the West. Even if the Russians should advance three times the distance and place out of action three times the numbers they have done, the operations would still be more justly conceived as a diversion from Verdun. There the fate of the war is running its course. In this extraordinary struggle the Allies and the enemy are selling in different markets. The Germans continue to purchase ground by men, the assumption being that they can bear the loss of men better than the Allies can bear the political and moral injury from giving ground. There can hardly be any question that, short of abandoning Verdun, the advantage is with the Allies; and we must not too readily assume that the position will be given up, although the enemy is now less than three miles away. If the Allied counter-offensive is delayed, it must be by deliberate choice. The French Staff, who have never shown themselves so confident, apparently hold that Verdun can play its part a little longer. Russia, meanwhile, is held and is holding in the great salient about Lutsk, but is continuing to advance towards Kolomea and the Carpathians. The Italians are forcing the Austrians back to their old lines, but the retreat is orderly. The movements upon the British front are as yet probably demonstrations to hold as large a force there as possible. For the first time we can be sure that the Allies are acting in concert; and, in the face of much that

can properly be understood only by the higher command, this is at least reassuring.

\* \* \*

THE nineteenth week of the struggle before Verdun has resolved itself into a fairly equal battle west of the Meuse, and an exchange east of the river. There has been renewed fighting upon Hill 304 and Dead Man Hill, but to these familiar names there is now added Chattanooga, a village which lies near the main line of defence on the west side of the river. The centres of the fighting east of the Meuse are Fleury and Thiaumont. The enemy has captured part of Fleury, and the French have made progress at Thiaumont. The former village is less than three miles from Verdun, and it represents a German salient in the French line east of the river. The advance towards Fleury was made in an attack by over 100,000 men, and as the village is commanded by the French positions at Souville, the success must have been costly. But if the wedge could be pressed further in, it would yield a considerable leverage upon the positions to the north-west, at Thiaumont. The attacks have died down somewhat for the moment, but they will be resumed shortly.

\* \* \*

OWING to half-disclosures and misleading and thoroughly undignified statements during the last week, there has been a growing tendency in this country to imagine that the British forces have had a remarkable victory. On Monday it was announced that we had “pierced” or “penetrated” the hostile lines at ten different places. The true state of affairs seems to be that we have conducted an intensive bombardment over a great part of our line, chiefly below Arras, have sent across the enemy lines clouds of gas, and have raided them in many places. The last operation is trifling; it is carried out almost every night. The only difference seems to have been that the raiding forces were larger than usual, and that there was a formidable preparation. It is reported that the Germans have hurried reinforcements to the British front, and there can be no doubt that they are nervous. It is established that at least two German army corps have been withdrawn from the West front for service in the East, and the immediate effect of the operations on the British lines will be to prevent any repetition of this expedient and to lighten the pressure at Verdun. The hopes of a general British offensive, which prevail in France as well as in this country, have not so far been fulfilled.

\* \* \*

RUSSIA is still advancing in the south, but is held in the north. The extent of her march in the Lutsk salient would carry the Allies in the west into the Rhine province, and this gives the measure of the essential difference between movements upon the east and upon the west. Lemberg disappears for the time being from the Russian objectives. Kovel and Kolomea remain; but whereas our Ally seems to be making good progress towards the latter, he is on the defensive on the front which looks towards the former. Kovel is an admirable centre for offensive action towards the East. It throws a railway line south-west, from which an attack on the western front of the Lutsk salient can be supplied.

From the line to Tchartovüsk the northern sector of the salient can be conveniently attacked, and the line to Rovno strengthens the assault from the north-west. The last line, in Russian hands up to Svidniki, is the only railway support of an offensive towards the west, a Russian advance. It is this which constitutes the immediate value of Kovel. The Germans have heavily reinforced the Austrian army in this sector, and General Kaledin has been compelled to fall back upon the defensive. Guns have been hurried up to Kovel.

\* \* \*

Two names have figured in the *communiqués* for over ten days—Svidniki and Sokul. They represent bridgeheads on the Stokhod and Styr respectively, and Sokul has the additional attraction of standing at the northern neck of the Russian salient. The Germans have been hammering at these two most important points almost incessantly, and we gather some appreciation of the force of the Russian defensive from the fact that the villages are still held by our Ally. The Germans have, however, gained a success by the capture of Linieska, a village three miles east of Svidniki. An attempt will probably be made to strike at the rear of Svidniki, but the splendid resistance of General Kaledin, who at the opening of the war was only a divisional commander, encourages the hope that little ground will be given, and none without a full price being exacted.

\* \* \*

To the South the Russians have been more successful, or rather the Austrians have been more unsuccessful. The Russian advanced posts already represent a distinct threat to the Austrian centre armies. They are attacking near the railhead at Kut, twenty miles to the south-east of Kolomea; they have pressed to within twelve miles of the junction from the east; and north-east the Cossacks swam naked, with their rifles in their hands, across the Dniester and penetrated to a point not quite twenty-five miles distant. A violent battle which developed on this section of the front on Wednesday yielded over 10,000 prisoners. It is almost impossible that the Austrian centre can hold if Kolomea falls, and in this advance lies the hope of the moment. Kovel may be taken at Kolomea. Hindenburg has just shown that he realizes that it may be saved at Riga; but the vigorous attack towards Pulkarn on the night between Monday and Tuesday was repulsed with loss. Letchitsky's army is converging on Kolomea, and his advance has not yet been arrested. But although General Kaledin is now on the defensive, we have to remember that he has captured 70,000 of the 200,000 prisoners, and has given the Germans the surprise of the war.

\* \* \*

THE Italians have taken advantage of the Russian offensive to press their counter-attack against the Austrians. In less than a week they have recaptured more than half the territory taken by the Austrians in over six weeks. The nature of the front the Austrian line had taken between the Val Sugana and Val Lagarina suggested the form of the counter-attack that Cadorna initiated. It formed a salient, and the broken country offered a fair chance of cutting off part of the troops in the apex. But the Austrians have made a most creditable withdrawal; and the fact that no significant number of prisoners or guns has been taken, is clear proof of its orderly character. The Austrians will probably fall back to their original line. The net results of the offensive are all in favor of the Allies. The Austrian casualties are estimated to be not less than 120,000—i.e., over a quarter of the total force engaged in the Trentino. They have achieved nothing by this sacrifice. They have killed in

Italy a wider enthusiasm for the war than has hitherto existed, and will put vigor and élan into the counter-offensive. From the Austrian point of view the episode is a complete failure.

\* \* \*

THE trial of Sir Roger Casement for high treason has ended in his condemnation, and he has been sentenced to the only death which can follow a conviction under our old law, that of hanging. The trial was conducted on unimpassioned, if somewhat narrow, lines. Sir Roger's acts spoke for themselves. He could not have gone to Germany at all, or been allowed to visit German prison camps and to harangue Irish prisoners, unless he had had an understanding with the German Government. That understanding matured in attempts to raise an Irish force among these prisoners, and in his own landing on Irish soil at the outbreak of the Sinn Féin rebellion. The defence suggested that this force was designed for use after the war, but of this no proof was given, and it is against all the rationalities. Sir Roger Casement himself raised the larger issue of the Irishman's right to levy war on a governing Power to whom he owed no allegiance, declaring himself bound to Irish opinion alone. His romantic plea, which would have made a great impression on a French court, applied to the England of Pitt and the Act of Union, not of Gladstone and the Home Rule Act. This is the real answer to the Casement oration. And we hope that will also be the England which will review the Casement sentence.

\* \* \*

THE Cabinet shows signs of rupture over the Irish question. Lord Selborne has resigned, and he may be followed by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Long, though not, it is hoped, by Lord Robert Cecil. The Unionist secession, however, does not extend to the party at large. That is necessarily influenced by Sir Edward Carson's action and its endorsement by the Nationalist Convention at Belfast, which has agreed to the exclusion of the six Ulster counties by 475 votes to 265. The decision rests with Mr. Bonar Law, and to a degree with the Unionist press, which, following the lead of the "Times," preaches conciliation, and disregards the violent counsels of the "Post."

\* \* \*

LORD SELBORNE defended his resignation in a speech which showed that British Unionism hardly exists for a fight on principles, and only asks for safeguards. Lord Selborne declared that he accepted the Home Rule Act without liking it, and was prepared to give it a fair trial. He admitted also that Mr. Lloyd George has had a mission to contrive a settlement on the basis of the exclusion of Ulster, but he did not regard him as a "plenipotentiary," or as empowered to set up a scheme for immediate operation. On the contrary, he had "sure ground" for thinking that the plan would only begin to work after the war. This hardly explains even Mr. George's conferences and negotiations; and it does not even attempt to explain why Lord Selborne allowed Sir Edward Carson to go to Ulster and win her assent to exclusion. Lord Selborne's constitutional objection was that Ireland was too disturbed for a Parliamentary election, and that failing such a test it was impossible to set up a workable scheme of Home Rule. On Thursday Lord Lansdowne made an odd speech, suggesting that, though Mr. Lloyd George's mission was authorized by the Cabinet, his scheme was not, and that the matter has still to be fought out. This result is a bad hearing for Ireland.

\* \* \*

LORD ROBERT CECIL announced on Wednesday that after a conference with the French Government, the



decision has been taken to abandon altogether the Declaration of London as our code of Sea Law. The subsequent Orders in Council had indeed so transformed it that nothing of it survived which was worth retaining. The abandonment of it is none the less a significant event, for the Orders in Council were all of them occasional and temporary measures, justified as reprisals. We are now acting entirely by our own canons of Sea Law, and the task of creating a new international code will have to be faced when the war is over.

THE fresh complication between Mexico and the United States is a grave political event, partly because it makes a new and incalculable factor in the Presidential contest, and partly because it may hamper President Wilson's action in the European war. Some American negro cavalry were ambushed at Carrizal, ninety miles within Mexican territory, and lost, in a hot engagement, forty killed and seventeen prisoners. The attack was apparently carried out deliberately, in accordance with orders from General Carranza, to prevent any further movement of U.S. troops, except northward. The American reply was an immediate mobilization of the militia in certain States, and the dispatch of a note in which Carranza was summoned to disavow the attack and release the prisoners. His first answer was unsatisfactory, and Washington, in a further note, has described it as a "formal avowal of deliberately hostile action." It seems unlikely, however, that Mr. Wilson will allow himself to be hurried into any formal state of war, and the American prisoners have now been released.

It is expected that Mr. Wilson will again blockade the Mexican coast, as in the days of the Huerta régime, so as to starve Carranza of ammunition, and for the rest, content himself with an effective occupation of Northern Mexico. Even these moderate steps can be taken only after considerable delay, for the Militia will require prolonged training. In the interval, an effort at mediation will probably be attempted by the South American Republics, which do not wish to see the United States driven by intolerable provocations into an Imperialist policy. American opinion, on the whole, approves Mr. Wilson's cautious action. It is inevitable that opponents should make electioneering use of his "weakness" towards Mexico. But these Republican critics no more desire a formal war with Mexico than they desired in 1914 to enter the European War.

MR. TENNANT has had to admit, after ridiculing the "rumor," that thirty-four conscientious objectors have been sentenced to death in France. The sentence was later reduced to one of ten years' penal servitude. Every promise given by the War Office has thus been consistently falsified. The last comforting assurance to go is the statement that these objectors were not liable to the death penalty, because they would never actually be sent to confront the enemy. In point of fact they were sent out within a few weeks, while other recruits are left at home for many months. Every incident in this painful and discreditable history suggests that some force at headquarters is working against the Government. These men (half of them Quakers, whom generations of rulers not only English, have left in free enjoyment of their faith) have proved their steadiness under persecution up to the point of death, yet even now they are refused the absolute exemption which Parliament provided. It is, of course, unthinkable that the sentence should be carried out. But any imprisonment, even if it be brief and under civil control, is a negation of rights secured by the Act. Meanwhile all

over the country the savage "ragging" and bullying of these men continues, in spite of the removal of the colonel lately in command of Wandsworth Prison.

THE Prime Minister's scheme for ending the scandal of this persecution contains the two indispensable minima of any reform. There is to be a re-examination of the very numerous cases of Conscientious Objectors who, through the failure of the tribunals, have been sent into the Army. There will also be, for the genuine objector, if he is willing to perform any alternative service, the opportunity to do it under civil control. So far, the principle is sound. But apparently the body which is to decide whether there is a *prima facie* case for reviewing the position of objectors already in the Army is the War Office itself. That is worse than useless. Mr. Asquith further suggests a long inquisition into a man's antecedents and opinions, inquiries addressed to ministers and the like. What is the need of such a process? If a man will face a death sentence, strait-jackets, "crucifixion," bread and water diet, handcuffs, dark cells, and the buffeting of sergeants, is he further to be plied with posers by military dialecticians, and "ploughed" if he does not answer to their satisfaction the stereotyped question about his conduct if his mother were attacked? This proposal means, we fear, that the War Office will not yield up its prisoners. In other cases apparently the War Office will be dependent on the Central Appeal Tribunal. It is not clear what fate is reserved for the unbending objectors, who refuse to perform alternative service. Are they to be handed back to the Army? We are sure that the Army should have nothing to do with those men. It is hateful work, that spoils discipline and injures the soldiers' tone and spirit.

THE House of Commons has been busy discussing the Finance Bill. A strong attempt is being made by the controlled firms to avoid the Excess Profits Tax, as Mr. Lloyd George's arrangement with them is much less severe and, from their point of view, more desirable. They maintain that the Government is bound by Mr. Lloyd George's agreement, and that the Excess Profits Tax ought not to apply to them. We hope that Mr. McKenna will stick to his guns.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, in answer to a question in the House on Monday, made grave disclosures as to the treatment of civilian prisoners at Ruhleben. The prisoners have been persistently underfed, and all attempts to improve their state have been ignored by the German authorities. The British Government pointed out through the American Ambassador that many of the persons so detained in Germany were entitled to repatriation on the ground of ill-health, and an exchange of prisoners was hinted at. According to the latest report the official rations have been deliberately reduced, and a large sum of money, which ought to have been spent on rations, has been withheld. We are shocked to see that the Government, in its final communication on the matter, made a threat of reprisal. We cannot accept such action on political, still less on moral, grounds. We are bound to lose to Germany in any competition in brutality. But we can expect that the German Government should either release the prisoners if it cannot feed them adequately, or abstain from reducing the ration level below that of the ordinary civilian population of Germany, or at least allow us to feed our own prisoners. This is the true line of approach to the German authorities. Is there any other which is either sensible or defensible?

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE SECRET OF VERDUN.

For four full months the armed might of Germany has beaten against the French lines at Verdun; and if at length the defence has reached a critical stage we are driven to reflect on the crises already reached and passed. When, by an unprecedented accumulation of guns of every calibre, and by the concentration of great bodies of troops, carefully rested in Germany, the enemy drove back our Ally and even succeeded in entering Douaumont Fort in four days, it must have seemed doubtful if the German battering ram could be stayed north of Verdun. Yet after three months' stupendous fighting, the French were not only holding practically the same line east of the Meuse, but had even the power to recapture the fort. Now that it seems impossible that the Germans should be much longer denied their prey, one wonders whether the French Staff may not have another surprise in store for us as much as for the enemy.

The full significance of this struggle has never been appreciated here. It would have been odd were it otherwise. Through the fog of war we see merely the vague outlines of massive movements whose details form a pageantry the like of which the world has never seen before. These battles are greater and stranger than those of any other age. The battlefield, from first to last, has not much exceeded twenty miles; and over that ground the number of men placed temporarily or permanently out of action must approach three-quarters of a million. How many men have gone through the fiery ordeal of the battle area we can only guess; and our guesses must be so vague as to convey no very convincing picture to the mind. Every terrible device that science has put at the disposal of modern armies has come into play over that torn and ruined country. Jets of flame, clouds of gas, bombs, grenades, whistling, screaming, roaring, thundering shells have all had their part in this fearful struggle. Some observers have been so impressed by this side of the battle that they tend to conceive it in terms of mechanism.

Yet through this blinding cloud of scientific device, we cannot fail to see the workings of the human spirit. The Germans thought that no wrought thing could stand, and no human being live, in the inferno they let loose. They threw on to the French lines a hurricane of shells; but this, instead of extinguishing the courage of our Ally, merely fanned it to white heat. We have no need to depreciate the bravery and virility of the enemy to magnify that of the French. The level of this struggle has been unique, and no one judging the people of his day before the war, and remembering the nervous breakdowns and the necessary rest cures, could have imagined that modern men could bear such conditions. They have done more: they have overborne them. Those grey-green waves of men which have shambled forward, almost incessantly for four months, against the guns that they knew would tear them to pieces, must win our wonder and admiration. But we are still more impressed by the spirit of our Ally. Verdun has been for her the seal and sacrament of her patriotism. No sacrifice seems to have been too great to be offered almost gaily for France. Wounded men insisted on being disregarded, or, after a hasty first-aid, went back to the firing line. When convoys failed under the stress of the bombardment, men kept doggedly at their posts. And when the 75's grew too hot to be fired any longer, soldiers who were parched for drink cheerfully offered their water bottles

to cool the guns. Old men whose place was behind the lines clamored for their share in the struggle. Every yard of this broken ground is consecrated by deeds that can only be unrecorded and unrequited because of their number. But there are few who would not acknowledge the extraordinary bravery of our Ally even if they had not the lesson of Verdun before them. The retreat, slow and stubborn as it has been, remains a stumbling-block.

We cannot fail to be moved by the thought of the fall of Verdun. It is, of course, not a fortress any more than Notre Dame de Lorette or Carençy were fortresses. It is a piece of highly fortified territory, and we have frequently insisted that the business of war is concerned with armies and not lands. The losses inflicted by the Russians in their offensive are of enormously greater importance than the territory they have gained. They might conceivably fall back once more; but this would not restore some 400,000 Austrians to the enemy. Verdun itself is a small and not over important piece of territory. Militarily, it is of little immediate significance, and though we think the resulting situation would be unstable and would ultimately necessitate a grave readjustment in the French line, we have no reason to think that the French Staff would not continue to hold up to auction each yard of ground they yielded. Morally and politically, the effect upon Germany and the neutral world would be far different. Verdun would be taken for its implications—the power to seize even at this time one of the most important Allied *points d'appui* in the west. If the Germans can seize this place, why not others?

Whatever should befall Verdun, there is no reason why we should follow this false reasoning and miss the lesson of the assault. Russia has supplied the answer to such misgivings. When last year Germany captured Warsaw, many asked themselves—"If Warsaw, why not Brest?" And when Brest fell they felt a keener apprehension of the fall of Kiev, Moscow, or Petrograd. But none of these places fell. The enemy took Lutzk; but it has just been recaptured. They recovered the Bukovina; but the Russians are again at the gate of the Carpathians. The situation is misleading unless we approach it from the point of view of manpower. The secret of Verdun is the impression it has made upon the German armies. It is improbable that they can have lost much less than half-a-million of troops. We misconceive the effect of entrenched lines if we fail to realize that there is a critical point beyond which the numbers manning them cannot be diminished. The Russian offensive has clearly proved this point. Austria chose to embark upon an offensive in the Trentino, leaving some 800,000 men to maintain a line little short in all its turnings, of 300 miles. As a consequence their line was torn open in two or three places and over half of the defenders were placed *hors de combat*. We now know that Russia has not used conspicuously heavy artillery, nor a tremendous amount of ammunition. She has used precision of fire rather than profusion of shells.

The defence of Verdun cannot be conceived apart from the general position of the war. We must remember that Joffre has had the power of creating a diversion whenever he wished. If he has not done so, we can only reasonably conclude that he did not conceive it to be necessary. He seems to have used Verdun simply as an instrument of attrition. The disparity between the losses on the German and the French side and the wastage of time are the cardinal factors of the Allies' plan. Day by day, through this meagre period before the German harvest, the Germans have been losing about two men for every man lost by our Ally. Day by day, while our guns and ammunition were being turned out in increasing



numbers and while the Russians were re-forming and refitting, the critical stage has been approaching for Germany.

With a deliberate lack of synchronization the Russians waited for the Austrians to commit themselves to the Trentino campaign before striking against the enemy lines in the East. Similarly, the Italians waited till the full force of the Russian blow had been felt before beginning their counter-offensive in Venetia. Some such plan may be the final secret of Verdun. The French Staff are cool and confident, and it may be they have waited until the Germans have committed themselves irrevocably to the capture of Verdun before countenancing the British offensive. It may be that this will soon be launched, and though Germany is a far more formidable enemy than Austria, our chances of success are good. Russia was the first to seize the lesson of the Champagne offensive. In choosing to strike on a front of twenty miles at Verdun the Germans showed that they had missed it. Indeed, they first attacked on only half that length of front. We have laid the lesson to heart, and we hope that our effort will be worthy the mighty platform of Verdun, from which it is launched.

#### THE EMPIRE RE-MADE.

If we are to change the constitution of the Empire, we hope at least that the coming revolution will be discussed as fairly and ably as by the author or authors of "The Problem of the Commonwealth." (Macmillan.) The book is a thesis-book, opening and tracking with scrupulous logic the problem which the thinkers of the "Round Table" have set themselves to solve. Even if we approach it sceptically, let us at least take it into the whole field of our mental vision. We are to realize the British Commonwealth. To this end we are to provide it with a written Constitution which, in view of the difficulty of finding a revising power, must, we are inclined to think, be a "rigid" rather than an "elastic" one. To what end? To an end which is conceived as one of justice—mainly to enable a British citizen in the Dominions to "acquire the same control of foreign policy as one domiciled in the British isles." In other words, one part of the Empire—the home or the central part—is to surrender power to another—the distant and outlying part. It may be right; it may be necessary. But this is the thesis. Why is it propounded? Again, the argument is direct and simple. The British Commonwealth has been developed up to the point when, with one exception, all its self-governing territory has acquired the responsible rule that is the ideal towards which the whole body moves. Each of these units controls for itself its domestic affairs, disposes of its laws and commerce, its militia, its tariffs, and settles what is to be the material of its future population—*i.e.*, its immigration. These powers the Dominions can exercise even against the Mother Country (as in tariffs) or against the greatest British dependency (as in migration). Therefore they have attained the full status and character of nationhood. Different yet alike, they present by far the finest solution of the mixed problem of nationality and central rule that the world has ever known. Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa are not British. They are themselves, and yet, too, they are ours, and, as the war has shown, the tie holds against the most exacting trial of their common citizenship.

But Mr. Curtis and his brother philosophers find a flaw in this fabric of unity, and substantially it is this. The war has revealed an incapacity long inherent in the

constitution of the Commonwealth. The "ultimate destiny" of nations is tested in the issue of peace and war, and here the Dominions find themselves disabled from handling questions of "life and death" until, in fact, the central power has committed them. In the event of an Imperial war, they have the alternative of renouncing their citizenship, and appearing before the enemy as independent States, or of plunging into a strife whose beginning they have not willed. Here, therefore, the great British invention of responsible government for our Empire fails to apply. The Dominions, indeed, came into the war because they believed our cause was just, and morally and politically bound up with theirs. But the bed in which these people have lain was made for them, not by their Ministers, but by ours, and it is clear that if great defects of policy or management appear in the conduct of that enterprise, they will have to blame, not the statesmen of Melbourne or Ottawa, whom they control, but those of Downing Street, whom they do not.

Now it may seem to be a general answer to this exposure of defect to say that the Dominions will always come into a war of which they approve, or in which they see the Motherland in danger, and that for cases in which they may not so think, it will be useless and perilous to construct a new organ of Government to make them. That they have acquired a new blood-bought claim on us no Britisher can doubt. We may well be asked by our generous sister States to perfect our methods of Imperial intelligence. Let us therefore regularize our Imperial Conferences, admit Dominion Ministers to the sittings of our Cabinets, expose to them the secrets of our Defence Committees and War Councils, associate members of Dominion Parliaments with a joint Committee of Foreign Affairs, chosen from the House of Commons and the House of Lords, or make a reformed House of Lords itself a chamber of consultation on Imperial affairs. But this is not enough for Mr. Curtis. He presses the full logic of his position. The lack of the Empire is in a fully responsible Cabinet for defence and foreign affairs; let it be created. In this super-Cabinet he would include the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the Secretary for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary for India, the Colonial Secretary, the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Munitions, and, possibly, Ministers without a portfolio. The super-Parliament from which it derives would be elected by the British Islands and the Dominions, from all of whom it would have the power of levying taxation, and of seizing and distraining on the goods of defaulters. It must, of course, guard itself against the failure of any Dominion to furnish the quota of the Imperial defence fund which will be allocated to it on the basis—an always shifting and doubtful basis—of its true taxable capacity. This can be done either by making the quota a first charge on the public accounts of the Dominions or by claiming certain sources of Dominion revenue for Imperial service and collection.

This is the scheme, and we will make some general observations on it. It is large and bold, and animated by a noble ambition. But its great defect seems to us to be that it treats our peoples as members of the State, and almost leaves their character as human beings, their feelings, attachments, and environments, out of account. Can we run our Empire, so widely severed in space and therefore in time, with a population so unequally distributed over the great governing centres, into this fixed mould of government? Can we submit the politics of Europe to so large a measure of extra-European control? For the general stamp of

the scheme is the subordination of the Motherland. Let us recapitulate its main features. (1) It declares for a decreasing predominance of the British Isles in the Super-Cabinet, while it reduces our Sovereign Parliament—with its centre in the House of Commons—to a Dominion Assembly. (2) It takes India from our control, and, pronouncing for an indefinite period of British tutelage, hands it over, with the rest of the dependencies, to the Super-Cabinet, in which the Dominion view of the Indian status and migration will prevail, and in which the Indian Secretary will be the sole representative of India's needs and claims. It thus ignores the case for an Indian culture which will one day claim equality with our own. (3) It provides for a written Constitution, but supplies no interpretative body, not even the Privy Council. (4) It divides the allegiance of the far-away Australian or New Zealander between the statesmen with whom he is day-by-day in touch and the statesmen who must sit permanently in London, but must somehow find contact with the Dominion electorate that puts them in power. (5) It almost ignores the home democracy, in which the chief motive force of the Empire must for many years reside, and calls on it to share its great dignities and historic offices with the Dominions. (6) It provides no effective popular control of peace or war, treaties or foreign policy, and introduces no new democratic element, such as adult suffrage.

We fear, therefore, that it will constitute an organ without true authority, and that its levies may fail, as the American levies failed, whenever the Imperial interest and the Dominion interest fail to coalesce, or become the subject of local dispute. We have had a war which the Motherland and the Dominions equally support. But we may imagine wars in which one Dominion interest may seem to be paramount, and the rest slight, or almost non-existent. The authors of "The Problem of the Commonwealth" do not gather more than a new levy of twelve millions odd as their estimate of what a first Imperial Budget may produce from the existing Dominions. Is it worth risking a Bunker's Hill for a bagatelle such as this? The existing voluntary levies may be taken as a joint love-gift of the members of an allied nationhood. They may quite reasonably be expanded. But now they are to change their character and become compulsory defence charges, leviable by a Government residing in a distant centre. Does not this render them liable to attack and defeat in any quarter where the Commonwealth policy or the Commonwealth war is least popular?

These are *prima facie* objections to the "Round Table" scheme. But the great subject of Imperial unity which it raises with fascinating skill and daring remains. The columns of THE NATION will always be open for its fair discussion.

#### FOLLIES OF THE PARIS CONFERENCE.

WE hope that, when Mr. Asquith makes his promised statement next week upon the subject of the Paris Economic Conference, he will make it clear that, neither by arrangement nor by understanding, is this country or its Government committed to any sort of action along the lines laid down in the Report for a *post-bellum* policy. For closer examination shows these sections of the Report to be packed with error. Indeed, the language of the final section, with its demand for immediate action by the Allied Governments, suggests that its authors themselves recognize the danger of submitting it to any process of calm consideration or reasoning. And well they may. The measures proposed during the period

of reconstruction and for permanent adoption, so far as they are intelligible, offend against all the canons of sound economic action. Their authors appear to think that the maxim, *inter arma silent leges*, is as applicable to the laws of commercial intercourse as to the justice of a military tribunal.

But there are mysteries as well as follies in the Paris document. The preamble represents it to be the product of "the representatives of the Allied Governments." But are we to suppose that Russia gave her Western Allies *carte blanche* to dispose of her economic interests? Is Russia a real party to this project or is she not? Recent pronouncements from several of the Government officials and economists express their sense of the impracticability of such a severance with Central Europe as adherence to the Paris policy demands. How is Russia able to "conserve for the allied countries" her "natural resources" as the transition policy requires? Could she, in fact, render herself "independent of the enemy countries—as regards manufactured articles," the first requirement of the "Permanent Measures"? Before the war, Germany took more than a third of her exports of foods and materials across her long frontier, and supplied her with the bulk of her machinery and other manufactured goods for that large section of the country which lies remote from ocean traffic. No arrangements of her Allies could find any early or adequate compensation to her for such a loss of trade. On the other hand, if Russia stands out, what becomes of the economic pressure the Allies propose to bring against the Middle-European system?

The difficulties presented by the case of Belgium are quite as grave. Is that unhappy and impoverished country going to occupy the years immediately following the war, not in re-establishing her commerce on its former profitable basis, but in placing "prohibitions or a special régime of an effective character" (whatever that verbiage may signify) upon the great commercial hinterland which Nature has allotted to her for her gain? To put it plainly, any prohibition or restriction of trade with Germany would ruin Antwerp. The document no doubt informs us that "the Allies undertake to assure to each other, so far as possible, compensating outlets for trade in case consequences detrimental to their commerce result from" such a policy. But the *naïveté* of the qualifying words which we italicize will furnish cold comfort to the reflecting merchants of Belgium. Nor do we think that the business inhabitants of our prosperous East Coast ports, such as Hull and Aberdeen, will lightly acquiesce in the commercial ruin which such a policy would spell for them.

Apparently the authors of the document have persuaded themselves that if all enemy trade and navigation are cut off, new trade routes as profitable as the old will have been established. Thus the "economic alliance" will be able to run on by the force of habit and of mutual gain. They fail to recognize that the advantages of the pre-war commercial intercourse and the industrial co-operation it involved had been steadily and laboriously built up on lines of mutual dependency. What, in a word, they are asking to be done, is to break up suddenly the network of an international system based on long and intricate experience, and to substitute a brand-new untried war-model. Some Free Traders content themselves with deriding the vague rhetoric which constantly obtrudes in this business document. "The Allies will adopt such measures as may seem to them most suitable for the carrying out of this resolution, according to the nature of the commodities, and having regard to the principles which govern their economic policy." A fine

expression of opportunism, which has caused our protectionists who mean business to blaspheme. Free Traders also remark that nowhere are we explicitly committed to tariffs or other concrete methods of Protectionism. Yet it would be idle to deny that the whole spirit and meaning of the document is Protectionist, in that it contemplates and proposes that the Allies shall apply Governmental devices for increasing their trade with one another, and for reducing or destroying their trade with the members of enemy countries. It does aim at setting up a narrower economic system than has hitherto prevailed, and at breaking Europe into two commercial and industrial compartments, the intercourse between which is to be made, by artificial regulations, as small and as difficult as possible. The Allies are not only to make what amounts to a declaration of economic war against the Central Powers after a so-called peace has been attained—the Powers which we hope and expect to beat in war, and therefore not to leave in a position to organize a great economic force against us. They are also to discriminate disadvantageously against the neutral countries upon which we must nevertheless continue to depend for a large part of our necessities of life and trade.

For the proposal that the Allies shall agree "to conserve for the Allied countries, before all others, their natural resources during the whole period of commercial, industrial, agricultural, and maritime reconstruction" must mean an application to our whole Imperial export trade of that discrimination against foreigners which Mr. Bonar Law has already applied to our Colonial export trade. This policy, along with the temporary and permanent measures to render the Allies "independent of the enemy countries," must throw large neutral markets into the possession of Germany. For that country, deprived of her large markets with the Allies and their Empires, will be driven to offer advantageous tariff terms to neutral countries which will on their side be chafing at the restrictions put upon both their import and their export trade by the new policy of the Alliance. It will be easy for Germany to make favorable commercial treaties with such countries as the United States and the South American Republics, when our full system of tariff rings obliges us to protect these islands, give preferences to our Dominions, and to conserve our other resources for our Allies. If we are to refuse "most favored nation treatment" in future not only to the Central Powers, but by necessary implication to neutrals, one of the detrimental consequences, which even the Report admits as likely to ensue, will be the stronger attachment the Central Powers will make with these neutral countries which will accord them this favorable treatment.

In the economic warfare thus projected, the danger is that the Allies will be considered the aggressors. For the "preparations" to which the Report alludes as a justification for urging immediate action are not in any intelligible sense "preparations." They are one-sided proposals on the part of Germany which so far have received no encouragement from her Allies. The adoption of the Paris proposals would doubtless assist the projectors of a Central Europe to "prepare" their plans. But the Paris Report will have been the first overt act of aggression in an economic war which, once begun, would ravage the whole commercial world, bringing injuries only less than those which appertain to the military conflict. We trust that there are in Parliament and in the country enough convinced Free Traders to expose the inevitable consequences of a course which would cripple the process of economic recuperation in this and every other country after the war, would assuredly damage the development of our industries and trade, and would

add nothing at all to the *relative* strength of our future resources for the contingency of another war.

For the Protectionists, who are calculating on this period of strong emotion and impassioned judgment to push their selfish schemes, under the cloak of patriotism, ignore the central truth that every tariff, boycott, or other industrial weapon, used to injure another, acts with a recoil equal to the force of the blow which it inflicts. No doubt, "defence is much more important than opulence"; but the policy of Paris, while it certainly would diminish opulence, would add nothing to the "defence" of the Allies. This truth is even more obvious in the case of Britain than of France or Russia. For we are, and must continue to be, dependent for our very existence upon freer access to the widest possible number and variety of sources for the supply of our material needs, and anything that permanently antagonizes foreign countries endangers our existence more than that of nations which are less thickly peopled and less specialized in industry.

### THE FATE OF IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Sunday.

It is a pity that we possess no such organ of politics as the Convention. Over-managed from behind the scenes, it may be as unreal as the caucus or the public meeting; but with a fair delegation it is an admirable instrument of democracy. The Belfast Convention was so handled. The Parliamentary leaders summoned but did not control it. The Catholic Church, which had struck a note of strong and quite legitimate dissent from partition, was given 170 delegates out of some 700, and public bodies of the six excluded counties quite overshadowed the representatives of the League or of the Hibernians. The meeting itself was equally free to speak and to vote, and there was no touch either of clerical or of Redmondite pressure. Let me give an example. The decision was taken by each delegate standing in his place, and saying "Yes" or "No" to the excluding resolution. More than one voter failed to make himself heard to the recording angels on the platform. "Speak up!" said a priest mildly to one such inaudible patriot. "No coercion here!" was the menacing retort from a stalwart Redmondite at his elbow. Watchful eyes were on the issue. Had it gone against the Parliamentary leaders, the Constitutional movement must have been broken to fragments. But, above all, the Orangeman would have acclaimed it as a victory for the great seducer on the Seven Hills. It was, therefore, an act of mere justice for the Ulster press to acknowledge, as it did, that Nationalism has taken its critical decision in complete independence of the Church.

It has, indeed, laid a great sacrifice on the altar; and England will do ill if she spurns the gift. The note of the Convention was never violent; but it was poignant and sincere, and deep waters of memory and sorrow ran beneath its measured regrets. Ulster is almost the mother of Irish Nationalism; and when one speaker contrasted the glories of Dungannon with the shame of Belfast, I felt that the heart of the meeting was with him. "No; a thousand times NO!" spoke one impassioned voice when the voting for severance began, and "Follow the Green Flag!" was a cry which in the critical middle of the debate almost carried the Convention. But the meeting was not a gathering of Irish youth, and against the old stalwarts, bent and withered in the fight, who deplored the loss, even for some fleeting months, of a united Ireland, there was set the politic moderation of the majority. The leaders had put the case with uncompromising plainness. "Desert us, and



we go," said Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Devlin. The shadow of the rebellion hung still more heavily over the Convention than the threatened loss of leadership. The Northern Irishman, sensible and calculating, felt that it would not do to give up all that stood between him and—what? Anarchy or a dwindling and defeated Nationalism. Mr. Devlin painted the peril of rejection with an uncompromising brush. "Reject all compromise," he said, "leave Nationalist Ireland without hope or interest in the country, and your life-blood will flow away to America, while Unionist Ulster adds to her population and consolidates her industries." Add to the feeling that the less scrupulous or less reconcilable kind of Unionist was merely waiting a hostile verdict from the Convention in order to go back on the Home Rule Act and fasten the failure on Nationalists, the pressure of the argument that though Ulster could not come in now, she might come in later, and it is easy to see how the leaders won.

But Ulster Ireland has not voted itself out of Home Rule, even for a season, without qualification. The Convention would have gone against Mr. Redmond had he not assured it that unless the scheme were temporary, he would "smash" it. The same pledge was yielded on the question of a separate Executive for Belfast. This was strongly affirmed by the Bishop of Derry as a necessary consequence of the partition, and, indeed, it is hard to see how some administrative centre in Ireland can be avoided and all Ulster business—including education—centred in the blameless Mr. Samuel, of the Home Office. But the Irish leader staked his whole support of the Lloyd George settlement on the absence of anything like a double executive power established on Irish soil. If dual government is pushed to this degree, the plan will perish. On every other line, conciliation will be carried to an extreme. The Southern Unionists were never in danger either from the Irish Catholic Church, the most amiably tolerant of institutions, or from the Parliamentarians. Both recognize that the Unionists could not be content with the membership of Trinity College, and would welcome a large Unionist element in the Dublin assembly, or almost any scheme of minority representation that is proposed to them. Moreover, they were delighted to receive from the other side the suggestion of a scheme of conferences between the Dublin assembly and the representatives of the six counties. They will only stand firm against an attempt to build up a solid wall of dualism. And as nobody in Ireland wants this (least of all the Protestant Ulsterman, who is as much of an Irishman as the Catholic Southerner) England is under no temptation to propose it.

Thus the blessed word "compromise" has at last been spoken in Ireland. What has Nationalist Ireland to say? The sacrifice has been great. Stand on the Hill of Howth, and looking northwards, through the clear-grey Irish air, see the faint shadow of the Mourne Mountains dip into the silver sea. They will be within the new Anglo-Irish pale. Tyrone is classic soil for Nationalist Ireland, and Tyrone is severed, much against its will, and Derry City too. It is not surprising that, apart from the voice of faction, the murmurs from the South and West are of depth and volume. The country frets under martial law. Sir John Maxwell shows neither tact nor knowledge of the country. His arrests and detentions are a perpetual menace to its peace; the prisons are schools of Irish sentiment and therefore of disaffection with the existing rule; and the suspects whom, in default of all evidence against them, we are compelled to release, especially the moderates, return to their homes convinced converts to Sinn Féin.

Let it be said a thousand times over that it was the severity of the military methods—the foolish boast of her military governor that Ireland should be taught a lesson she would never forget—which did the harm. The people were not cowed for a moment; they nursed their wrath, pointing with bitter scorn to the story of the courts-martial and of the appalling doings in North King Street (cloaked under a secret inquiry) as evidence of the mismanagement of the troops. For weeks Mr. Redmond's authority hung in doubt; it was the good that England had done, the settlement of the land question, and the not yet defeated hope of Home Rule, that just—and only just—saved the situation. Now, therefore, if the Unionists in the Cabinet repudiate the Asquith-George negotiation after agreeing to set it afoot, dishonor the Redmond-Carson compact, and refuse at the hands of the Irish leader a larger compromise than they would have taken in 1914, they will, indeed, throw Ireland to Sinn Féin and the secret conspirators, and lose American support in the war. What will they gain? The little I saw of Northern Ireland inclined me to the belief that the great process of reconciliation has begun. The Ulsterman is a canny person, and he no longer believes that self-government can be withheld from the South and the West. And if self-government comes, he will not long favor it in the form of a severance of Belfast from Dublin. He does not desire a commercial war, nor a Nationalist crusade against the Ulster banks, nor does he want to be driven to set up branch establishments of his flourishing concerns in the Southern capital. He believes not in Nationalism, but in Ireland. The restraint of the Belfast Conference has impressed him; I think he will augur well from it, and that if British Unionism holds its hand, he will turn from the futile pursuit of force, and find, in the impossibility of administering an isolated Ulster, the reason for aiming at national unity.

For, indeed, England has abdicated. Her direct government of Ireland is over. She can repay Mr. Redmond's service to her arms by wrecking his power, but even that base return will yield her no new governance of the mind and will of Ireland. We cannot go on governing *with* Sir John Maxwell and *without* a Lord Lieutenant and a Chief Secretary. We cannot appear at a European Conference as the Knight of Liberty with Ireland tied to our saddle-bow. And we have no time to lose. Irish opinion is still deeply agitated. "I knew that the rising would fail," said the widow of one of the executed Sinn Féiners, "and he knew he would fail; but he felt that he was helping to save the soul of Ireland." The soul of Ireland will not be the weaker for the exorcism of force; but any recent observer of her life knows that a fierce internal struggle is going on for its possession, in which the idealism of her men and women may turn to barrenness or to fruitfulness, and her body be won or lost for generations to the best uses of the world.

H. W. M.

#### THE ARAB REVOLT.

ACCORDING to Reuter's telegram from Cairo of June 21st, the Grand Sherif of Mecca, supported by the Arab tribes of Western and Central Arabia, has proclaimed Arab independence of Turkey and of Ottoman rule. No really important facts have been added to Reuter's first message, except that an Italian journal asserts that Medina has since been occupied, and a hundred and fifty kilometres of railway destroyed. There are no Englishmen in Jeddah, and it may be doubted if there is more than

one Englishman in Hedjaz itself. From Aden news of what is going on in Western Arabia is usually scanty and untrustworthy; but it appears certain that something more serious has happened in Western Arabia than the usual revolt.

Up to 1870 the Arab tribes were left almost entirely alone by the Turk. The Sultan was recognized, but not obeyed. Tribes were often at war with each other, the one under Idriz having been during the last fifteen years the most powerful. During the same period an almost continuous attempt has been made to make Turkish rule effective, but it is, and always has been, hateful to the Arabs. The Governors who have been sent from Constantinople abused their position mainly to fill their own pockets. The distance from Constantinople, the absence of railways or of other roads, except an unsafe desert track, infested always by robbers, were so great that Turkish officials were able to plunder the Arabs with impunity. When the Revolution in 1908 occurred, it was alleged that the Governor had made an arrangement with a small Arab tribe which commanded the route between Medina and Mecca, the two most Holy Places, by which no one was allowed to pass unless he paid at least one Turkish pound (18s. 2d.), half of which was alleged to go into the pocket of the Governor. While the Arab tribes were often at war with each other, they were all hostile to the Turks. This hostility extended from Aden northwards into Syria, where Christian as well as Moslem Arabs have been abominably treated. A constant series of revolts against the Turks have occurred during the last ten years, and troops were sent from various parts of the Empire to attack the rebels. The troops disliked the service, because the Arabs fought bravely, and the Turks suffered badly from the climate. Almost immediately after the revolution of July, 1908, Ratib Pasha, with the Turkish troops under him, revolted against the Committee of Union and Progress, and joined the rebels. The Hedjaz Railway, however, was opened on September 1st, 1908, and Ratib himself was captured. The Committee promised various reforms, and for a few months no revolt took place. Indeed, an honest attempt was made by the Young Turks to make arrangements in the Hedjaz which would produce good government among the tribes. A careful project was drawn up, which is said to have been satisfactory to all the Arab leaders. Then there came a change of government. Kiamil lost his position, and his successor opposed the project, largely because it had been brought forward by the ex-Grand Vizier. No serious improvements were made to secure Arab loyalty. Among the many big blunders which the Committee made, the greatest was that of attempting to Turkify the whole country by forcing upon it the use of Turkish instead of Arabic or Albanian or any other of the native languages. So far as all the Arabs of the Empire were concerned, it was an act of madness. Arabic is the language of the Koran. Turkish is detested, not merely as a barbarous tongue, but as that of their oppressors. The feeling of hostility between Arabs and Turks was intensified. The Turk is a Moslem, on whom his religion sits somewhat lightly; the Arab is a fanatic. The Englishman who has seen most of Arabia is Dr. Charles Doughty, whose "Wanderings in Arabia" is unique in its information. He expressed his surprise when in the town of Aneyza (in Central Arabia) at the "religiosity of the rude young men of the people," and remarks that "while Mahometanism is a cold and strange plant in the idolatrous soil of Europe, it is like a blood-passion in the peoples of Moses and Mahomet."

So long as the Arabs were let alone by the Turks they do not seem to have greatly objected to Turkish domination, and they had grown used to the exactions

of their Turkish Governors; but when the Young Turks set aside the arrangements which Kiamil and Hilmi and other leading statesmen in Turkey had made and their own leaders approved, they readily believed that the Turkish "unbelievers," as they were persuaded the Young Turks were, intended to gain the upper hand. They were then always ready for revolt. If the statement be true that the Sherif of Mecca has given his support to the Arab tribes of Western and Central Arabia, and that they have already captured Medina, where the railway ends, then the world is undoubtedly in the presence of a more serious Arab movement than has taken place during the last four centuries. Such a movement raises the question of the Caliphate: whether the Sultan of Turkey is Caliph or not. It is undoubtedly true that he has been recognized since 1517 by the Moslems of Turkey and Egypt, and that this claim has been not only unopposed but acquiesced in by the Moslems of India. The Sultans of Turkey claim to be Caliphs by virtue of a formal Deed of Assignment made to Sultan Selim by the Sherif of Mecca, who was then in Egypt. The story in detail does not concern us here. The question whether such position could be formally assigned to an outsider is greatly disputed amongst Moslems themselves. Abdul Hamid, twenty-five years ago, took a step by which he intended to confirm his own rights as Caliph. In each of the great mosques of Constantinople a notice had been posted up for centuries pointing out what were the requisites of the Caliph, one of which was that he should belong to the house of the Koreish. Abdul ordered them to be taken down, and thereby aroused indignation and sarcasm among the *ulema* of the capital. Dr. Hughes, the greatest English authority on Islam, states that during twenty years' residence in India, and largely amongst the Moslems, he never found an Indian scholar who would recognize that the Sultan of Turkey was or could be Caliph. One of the requisites of the office is that its occupant should be at the head of a powerful Islamic nation, who could always make good his claim against nations of unbelievers; another, that he should belong to the Koreish tribe, of which the prophet was a member. The result of the first of these claims would be in the present instance that if Turkey were defeated, probably even those who hold that the Sultan of Turkey is lawfully Caliph, would recognize that the Deed of Assignment had become null, and that the Caliphate had reverted to the Sherif of Mecca, who is of the house of the Koreish.

Let it be said emphatically that the question is one which must be settled solely by Mahometans themselves, and that it would be not only wrong, but extremely inexpedient, for England or any other Power to attempt to interfere with the appointment of one who is regarded as endowed with semi-divine authority.

The British Government has always been careful to respect the rights of its Moslem subjects, and is careful to abstain from interference with their religious practices or discipline. It is true that in the mosques in India prayers are said for the Sultan of Turkey as Caliph. The practice is said to have originated after the Crimean War. Some, indeed, assert that the practice was introduced at the request of the British Government, or at least with the belief that it would be regarded with favor by it. So long as Turkey remained an independent country the old practice may well have continued. The British Government acted wisely by issuing a notice in November, 1914, after the declaration of war against Turkey, defining its policy "in respect to Mecca and Medina and the other Holy Places of Islam." By other holy places it means Kerbela and Hanakin, situated east of Mesopotamia, which are the Holy Cities of the Shiah division of

Mahometans. It declared that "these Holy Places and Jeddah will be immune from attack or molestation by the British Naval or Military Forces so long as there is no interference with pilgrims from India to the Holy Places and shrines in question." France and Russia, at the request of his Majesty's Government, made similar assurances. It may be said that Mecca, Medina, and the seaport Jeddah largely depend for the means of life upon a supply of pilgrims. All the States of Northern Africa and the Moslems of Asia Minor sent annually their quota of pilgrims. Since the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 the number of pilgrims from Central Asia, under Russian rule, has steadily increased, and year by year the numbers from India and Java have also been on the increase. A pilgrimage is one of the "five pillars of Islam." Until the present war broke out the number of pilgrims from all sources largely increased. The Hedjaz Railway from Damascus to Medina greatly facilitated the journey, but Izzet Pasha, who persuaded Abdul Hamid to build the railway and took charge of its construction himself, was probably thinking more of bringing the Arabs into subjection to his master than of the comfort of the pilgrims. The line is a single one, and has stations, with water depôts, along its entire route. It would probably not be difficult for a hostile force from the Red Sea to cut it in several places. The British Government apparently has no such object in contemplation, but will leave the task to the Arabs.

The statement in the telegram that the movement has been joined by the Arab tribes of Central Arabia is startling. Those who have read the latest books of Arabian travels, including those of Dr. Doughty and Mr. D. G. Hogarth, will hesitate to believe that it is true. If however it be, it probably means that the fervent believers conclude that the time has come when they must recognize the Sherif of Mecca, and not the Sultan of Turkey, as the Vice-Gerent of the Prophet. In other words, they will have arrived at the same conclusion as Aga Khan, that as Turkey "has disastrously shown herself a tool in German hands, she has not only ruined herself, but has lost her position of trustee of Islam," and that "thus our natural duty as Moslems is to remain loyal, faithful, and obedient to our temporal and secular allegiance."

Aga advises his numerous followers to cease to recognize spiritual allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey. The Moslems of Arabia who are fighting against the Sultan have, of course, done the same, and therefore it appears probable either that when the war is over the great congregation of Moslems throughout the world will select a Caliph, as was the command left by Mahomet himself, or (as appears more probable) the Sherif of Mecca will glide naturally into the position held by his predecessors before the so-called transfer of his rights to the Turkish Sovereign.

EDWIN PEARS.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE war swells to its tremendous diapason, and it is astonishing how calmly the country takes it all. The other day I heard the report of a recent visitor to Berlin. He found London's swarming, hustling hives a Babel in comparison. The Berlin streets were singularly silent, men of military age were not seen in them, all talk was on the war, and though defeat was not spoken of, peace was the real theme, joined with the fear of England as the power that meant to see Germany torn asunder. The

obdurate Prussian spirit still dominated policy, but the differentiation from the Southern tone was marked, nor was the real note one of confidence. That tenders are still thrown out to us cannot be doubted or that agents professing to represent official Germany go on speaking of a war without annexation, and of a specific withdrawal from *all* the territory occupied in the West. None of these approaches travel, I think, beyond the outer barriers. But within these limits there is a going and coming such as no earlier stage of the war has seen.

AND OUR OWN condition? It looks curiously prosperous. The anxieties as to finance, of which one heard so much a few weeks ago, have blown away, and revealed the strength of British credit, with the stolid firmness of the British people behind it. It is an imposing spectacle, which coincides with the steadily improving state of the war. But is there not something almost terrifying in this calm? I turn to the letter of a nurse, a woman of culture and great skill with her pen, who writes to me thus from a French hospital:—"Shall I be forgiven if I tell you that as I patrol my huge dormitory I curse, and curse, and curse—not only our enemies (that were too easy a task for the tragic impulses that possess me) but still more the general conditions of European society that has left us without any nobler method of settling our differences but that of general torture and destruction?" Well, we are right to be firm, in face of all that is before us and is to come; but this mechanical journalism, which storms our ears with chatter about guns and trench-wars, almost deprives us of the power of realizing into what a hell-broth our world has been churned. France, I think, does realize it: has she not drained to the dregs the cup from which a cruel Power made her drink? But we are less awake; and one's fear is, not indeed that we shall not have suffered enough when the war comes to an end, but that it will find us filled with fear, and hate, and all the barren motions of the war spirit, but not with the passion, child of the heart and the intellect, for a world of concord and appeasement. I believe that, strangely enough, the Army has had a measure of this baptism of a new life which has left so many of the soldiers' fathers and mothers and friends at home unvisited. And that seems to me about the greatest tragedy of the war.

THE Cabinet difficulties are serious. If one excepts Lord Robert Cecil—whose departure would be a horrible mischance and error—the resigning or discontented Ministers are not of the first quality. The Government need not break up over the loss of Lord Selborne or Mr. Long, or even Lord Lansdowne, good as he is. The danger is the influence their resignations must have on the action of the House of Lords. There Lord Lansdowne is very strong, and if he goes, and chooses to raise the flag of revolting Unionism in the Chamber that he has led so long, I see no hope of a settlement in Ireland. Yet if he and his friends go, it will be, judging by Lord Selborne's speech, on a bad misreading of the facts. They think that concession now means sticking a feather in the cap of physical force. Must we always hear this delusion of the governing man? Those who talk in this strain lean to folly's counsels, for they know nothing of the mood of Ireland. If only those wretched, prolonged, cold-blooded, executions could have been avoided, the mad storm of Sinn Féin would have blown away, and left a blessed clearing of the air behind. Now all is clouded; constitutionalism in danger; the country in the hands of a General



whose *faux pas* are table-talk; and the spirit of angry discontent abroad. What is wanted is a visible act of government; the setting up of a strong civil order, with Irish responsibility as its key.

THERE is, I think, one point of anxiety. The Navy is reasonably anxious about the control of Irish harbors during the period of the war. It seems to be right that this should be in the hands of the Admiralty for that interval, and that this point should be made clear in any emendation of the Home Rule Act which may be proposed. I can't imagine that there would be any difficulty. On the kindred point of representation of the Southern Unionists, the Nationalists are, I know, ready to make wide concession.

THERE will be a petition, promoted both in this country and in Ireland, for the commuting of the death penalty on Sir Roger Casement. Many will sign it who feel no personal sympathy, but judge, as I think every man of truly liberal mind must judge, that vengeance is not a ground of action in the great case of England against Ireland, and that in this smaller trial the closing of the rebellion with a long tale of executions, the feeling in Irish-America (very deep and passionate), the approach of a new settlement, and the moral power of magnanimity when a powerful nation deals with a weak one, ought to count heavily for clemency. And there is something to be said about the trial. Some of those who heard the Lord Chief Justice's calm summing-up regretted two things in it. The first was the narrow definition of treason as an act which "strengthened or tended to strengthen the enemies of the King." But is not the intention of the doer of such an act to be taken into account? If it is not, unintentioned, or let us say, half-intentioned, acts (and there have been hundreds such committed during the war) amount to treason. Again, Lord Reading ruled out the whole contention from which the Nationalist (and ultimately rebel) volunteering sprang. But there was the weak point of the trial. The prosecution should never have been conducted by Sir Frederick Smith. It is not enough to urge that the Smith rebellion stopped with the war, and the Casement rebellion did not. The question is the actual link of responsibility that bound one act of wrong to another. And in any case a chief promoter of the earlier enterprise such as the Attorney General can be no judge in such a moral cause, and should have been no party to its trial.

I WAS sorry to hear the other day that the trouble at the "Westminster Gazette" was not over, and that Mr. Spender's editorship was still a subject of attack. His type of journalism is not mine; but no reader of the "Westminster" can imagine it in any hands but his, or think of any figure to carry it on with a tithe of his distinction. The paper is his; the stamp of his mind and character is on it; and nothing could be substituted for that sign-manual which would not leave it pointless and worthless. How absurd, therefore, to demand that it should stand merely for this personality or that! It is the organ of the governing mind, with its reserves and compromises. One could not endure two "Westminsters." Yet one is (London) human nature's daily food, and could not be withdrawn without a stinting of its mental appetites. And without Mr. Spender there can be no "Westminster." If he left it, therefore, it would be merely a question of creating a new expression of his temperament, and leaving the vacant tenement to its inevitable decay.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### IN SUSPENSE.

IN Poe's tale, the razor-edged pendulum, with continually wider sweep, swings always nearer and nearer to the victim's heart. The victim watches that relentless swing with terrified fascination:—

"Down—steadily down, it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right, to the left, far and wide, with the shriek of a damned spirit! To my heart with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled as the one or the other idea grew predominant. Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom!"

In the midst of this terror, it struck the victim that the first thing to be cut would be his robe:—

"Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more) and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that for several minutes it would accomplish; and at this thought I paused. . . . I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge."

It is melodramatic stuff, but that pendulum, swishing through the air and swinging continually nearer and nearer with extended sweep, is the very emblem of impending and irresistible doom. We feel the stroke of doom coming nearer and nearer, at first, perhaps, month by month, then week by week, day by day, hour by hour, till a few seconds to avert its fall would be worth the money of the world. All the time, we try to look the inevitable reality in the face, but nothing is more difficult. Reason tells us that the doom is assured, that no power in this or any world can now avert it. We struggle to keep our eyes fixed upon the terrible truth, but our thoughts wander from it. They seek to turn aside into familiar channels, as a bullock glances round at the pasture when the butcher's rope is already tightening on his horns and the windlass drags him forward. They occupy themselves with some "frivolity," as Poe says in his tale. They shirk the appalling fact, which only now and then returns with the shock of incredible news.

Partly it comes of unconquerable habit, which drives the mind along accustomed grooves; partly of perpetual hope, because the very worst has never come before; but chiefly it comes of the inability of the mind to realize utter disaster. The imagination is paralyzed. It droops or turns aside. For three weeks a condemned man awaits the inevitable fulfilment of his cruel sentence. He knows it is coming, but up to the very last some incident, some humorous and characteristic "frivolity," may divert him. Instances of similar frivolity are common. "Pity that should be cut," said Sir Thomas More, pushing his beard aside; "that has not committed treason," and next moment the axe fell. "No more cricket for me!" said the naval officer when both his legs were blown off, and he died saying it.

That pendulum of Poe's imagination, emblem of inevitably impending doom, might naturally be taken to represent suspense; but in our common use of "suspense," uncertainty is implied. The sharp and approaching stroke of fate is not yet inevitable. As the Greeks said in moments of extreme crisis, we stand upon a razor's edge; we may fall, but still we stand. Whether uncertainty mitigates anguish of mind is doubtful. The racking horrors of uncertainty are known to all. Will the thing happen? Will it not happen? This way and that the mind is divided several times a minute. We attempt to

banish the doubt, or to fix our minds only on the fortunate possibility; but suddenly, unexpectedly, the hideous alternative leaps upon us. The whole question renews its torment, and again fate "hangs in suspense" above us. Many suffer such "agony of suspense" that a decision even for the worst is welcomed. When the worst is certain their friends notice a renewed firmness and calm of demeanor, and they say "it is better now that the suspense is over." It is strange that the exclusion of the last hope should bring comfort, but probably they are right. For when suspense is over, the mind can turn definitely to the next step, and action is the mind's safest cure.

It is the safest cure, even during suspense, if only action is possible. The present writer was lately involved in a situation when for ten days and ten nights the fate of a whole army hung in suspense. As with the swing of a pendulum, each day, and especially each night, brought the peril nearer. The lowest estimate consigned one-seventh of the force to probable death on the tenth night or before; the highest consigned one-half. It is difficult to conjecture the apprehensions of an army, because in all good armies they are resolutely concealed. But he found that, for his own part, the only way to stifle the "agony of suspense" was just to "carry on"—never to cease from activity, but steadily to take the next practical step—to light the fire, to cook, to clean, to shave, to share the ordinary or unusual work, to intensify sleep by sleeping little. It was only in moments of rest and solitude that suspense returned. During activity, the thought of approaching peril seldom recurred, and (what was more strange) it did not seem much to matter whether the peril came or not. He cannot speak for others, but it appeared to him at the time that everyone else had much the same experience, though very likely most of them were more bravely indifferent to the danger.

So it is in England now. For close upon two years, nearly everyone has been living in private suspense, for their own fate or for the fate of someone else—the man for a friend, the girl for a lover, the mother for "her son, her little son." At times the suspense has been public; in the present week it has again risen to a height. If most people have displayed no visible anxiety by change of manner, it does not argue indifference. Habit, certainly, dulls some, and casualty lists no longer horrify. Few can realize what war means unless shells have smashed their houses, destroyed their possessions, killed their children, and driven themselves homeless and hungry out to the ditches, or unless they have seen fragments of men scattered through the air, the writhing of the wounded, the stretched out bodies slowly shrinking as they rot. But the apparent indifference seldom springs from callousness. Usually it springs from that necessary resolution to "carry on" lest the mind should give way under the suspense of uncertain doom. It is a resolution which has its reward—the reward of the traveller who does not cross the bridge till he comes to it.

But days of suspense also afford the chosen opportunity for the mopers, the brooders, the blighters, the croakers, the prophets still of evil—(Poe seems in our minds to-day). We know those dark and gloomy forms as they hop or flit about, ill-omened, suspicious, covered with blight, and spreading their loathsome infection like a plague. They are the spy-maniacs, the distrusters, the whisperers, the hinters at treason in high places, the listeners to lies, the wonderers about Lord Kitchener's death or a Minister's wife's dressmaker's bills. In the fifth circle of Hell, upon the surface of a dark and liquid marsh, where the souls whom anger overcame gnaw each other for ever with their teeth, the poet beheld the water bubbling with the sobs and groans of other souls sunk

beneath it; and, in sounds of gurgling throats (for they could not speak articulately) their melancholy hymn ascended: "We were gloomers in the sweet air which is gladdened by the sun, and in our hearts we bore a blighting smoke around. Now with black slime we lie immersed in gloom."

If not too late, we would cheer them up a little. There is something to be said for them, and, after all, even the circle of their dismal marsh is better than the Fool's Paradise. Much of their "blightiness" comes of vague fear, and would slough off under the real perils of the battlefield. Of their species of fear the Anatomist was thinking when he wrote:—

"Many men are so amazed and astonished with feare, they know not where they are, what they say, what they do; and (that which is worst) it tortures them, many dayes before, with continual affrights and suspicion. It hinders most honorable attempts, and makes their hearts ake, sad and heavy. They that live in feare are never free, resolute, secure, never merry, but in continual pain; that, as Vives truly said, there is no greater miserie, no rack, nor torture, like unto it; ever suspicious, anxious, solicitous, they are childishly drooping without reason, without judgement, especially if some terrible object be offered, as Plutarch hath it."

So, as he continues in a later passage, "betwixt hope and fear, suspitions, angers, betwixt falling in and falling out, we bangle away our best dayes, befool out our times, we lead a contentious, discontent, tumultuous, melancholy, miserable life."

To save their lives from those uncomfortable adjectives, let them imagine the worst as having happened. Let them imagine the terrible object, spoken of by Plutarch, as not only offering itself, but arrived. Is it a son's death? Well, there is nothing to be said to her in whose side, as the poet said of Rizpah, those bones once stirred, except that he is secure from the contagion of the world's slow stain. Is it pain? Well, neither Suffragettes nor Conscientious Objectors knew their powers of faith till they suffered at the hands of their gaolers. Is it their own death? Well, as Victor Hugo said, we are all condemned to death, with but an indefinite reprieve, and sooner or later the Attorney-General of Time will "demand the forfeit." More likely, the terrible object is a vague fear of national disaster. Is it bankruptcy and repudiation of bonds and national debt? Well, the majority of people will not suffer much. If anything they rather stand to gain, for a lot will be knocked off the taxes, bondholders will have to work like other people, and we shall all be in the same boat, even though the crowd at the corner of Threadneedle Street disappears. Is it national defeat? That is inconceivable, but let us, to soothe the "blighter," take things at their worst. Still there would remain the joy of nature, the natural affections, the fulfilment of function—just the things which philosophers tell us are the ultimate objects in life, and of which even the enemy could hardly deprive us. Besides, the fulfilment of function might take the form of resisting a tyranny of government far worse than any we have experienced; and what could mortal desire more?

#### SISTER AUGUSTINE.

THE traveller's memory does not turn to Salonika as a home of the moral and spiritual graces. Olympus looks down upon it with a candid but distant purity, but his snows tell of another climate and another age. The wind rises in the torrid summer at the blessed hour of sunset, and the swooning waters of the harbor waken into stormy life, dissipating, as they toss their crests, the languors and fevers of the town. Beauty there is enough, but it is the decaying relic of other civilizations. The Crusaders'

walls that climb the hill record an earlier Frankish occupation, and carry you back like Trajan's arch and the exquisite Byzantine churches to centuries as troubled as our own, but more gracious. The modern prospect speaks only of huddled commerce, undignified pleasures pursued beneath the scourge of constant terror and ruthless cruelty. The ugly villas of the Greek and Jewish princes of commerce flaunt a wealth too raw to have gone to school to grace. The gaunt mills and warehouses that challenge the minarets upon the skyline typify the mingling of the industrial with the Middle Ages. But even the recent buildings are stained with blood. The bank still bears the marks of the desperate comitadji outrages of 1903, when a group of Macedonian anarchists tried to blow it up in the hope of compelling European intervention. The handsome street of the Consulates saw the vain resistance of the little Bulgarian garrison to the whole Greek army at the outbreak of the war of the Balkan Allies. The big konak, where once was the seat of Turkish power, reeks of the tales of political prisoners beaten and tortured to death, in the periodical reigns of terror, when each narrow cell became a Black Hole. If you knew the city in the old Hamidian days, you will note to-day an ironical transformation on its quay. A white battlemented wall used to surround the old Crusader's tower, and within it were perched with bloody heads and aching backs the "politicals" destined to be exiled to Asia. The wall is razed now, and a pleasure garden with saloons and cinemas vulgarizes the ancient site. The Young Turks meant by that act to destroy their Bastille, and celebrate the new era of fraternity. The march of events soon compelled them to find other prisons even more commodious, while the Greeks, clearing out the Bulgarian population from the conquered land, shipped their thousands of exiles from that ancient quay, whence the Turks, a race of limited imagination, had been content to despatch their hundreds. When last we visited the garden of the tower, an Athenian company was performing Oscar Wilde's "Salome" in Romain. That drama of Eastern violence and murderous lust seemed here to have found its appropriate stage. It was the only fragment of the Gospel which had any relation to the spirit of the place, for Herod might have been under any *régime* a respected Vali of Salonika. One doubted only whether in Macedonia he could have found any innocents to massacre.

In the midst of the tortuous streets of the central town was a place in which devoted women struggled with Christian charity and love against the accursed spirit of the place. To the house of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul came the wounded and the stricken, the persecuted and the starving. We have seen its courtyard as full under the Greeks as under the Turks, and always with the same Bulgarian mothers and wives, who brought their tale of exiled husbands or murdered sons. The Order is French, and its tolerant tradition of practical charity goes back to the civil disorders of the Ancien Régime; but in Salonika, like all else, it, too, was cosmopolitan. It had an Italian Mother-Superior, and of the sisters, some were French, some Albanian, and some Bulgarian. The will and the mind of the community was an English lady, whom all the world of Salonika knew and revered as Sister Augustine. The news of her death, at a ripe old age, after a life of good works, reached England last week, and the loss of her robs Salonika of its one redeeming memory. Others will toil, as she had taught them, in hospital, school, and dispensary, but the fiery will with the gentle presence, the indomitable temper with the quick sympathies, the immense experience with the clear, contriving mind, will not again be united in the person of one aged Sister. Her courage and spirit made of her in

that town of terrors a tower of strength, a figure of resource and resolution. A man with her gifts of mind and will, would have become in the Balkans what Lavigerie or Livingstone were in Africa. The Sister of Mercy could act only within the radius of her own personality, and her influence lay wholly in her power of impressing others. It was hard even for one who knew her well to define it. She had none of the showy traits that one associates with magnetism. Her manner was quiet, but the wrinkled old face with the compressed lips and the quick eyes, within the white frame of its winged head-dress, suggested concentration and decision. She could be merry, and tell, more often with humor than with pathos, endless tales of the wild country which she knew as no European has ever known it. The source of her power lay partly in the unrivalled knowledge which led everyone, from consuls to journalists, to seek her out, but still more in the awe with which one watched her incessant activities. Her day began half-way through other people's night, and it included no siesta. She had in her charge not merely all the polyglot Catholic poor of this big port, but its whole Bulgarian population turned to her as its protectress, its providence, its tribune. She would face a Turkish magnate on its behalf with downright speech, and address a Kaimaham in Council. She was the intermediary through whom the cry of the oppressed of the town reached the Consulates, and penetrated to the deaf end of the Concert. When last we saw her, in 1913, a month after the close of the Balkan wars, she was acting unofficially as bishop, husband, and father to the whole persecuted Bulgarian population of the city. The head of the Exarchist Church had been murdered, and the head of the native Catholic Church was a close prisoner in his bishopric. The men of the community were nearly all in exile or prison—if massacre had passed them by. To her the women and children came for advice, protection, and daily bread. She knew no difference between Orthodox and Catholic. The eternal feud of Latin and Greek was stilled where she gave bread and medicines and comfort. The strangest proof of her ascendancy was that the Greek authorities, though they knew, as the Turks before them had known, that her sympathies were openly, even fiercely Bulgarian, tolerated her good works, and learned to do her bidding.

A non-Catholic might talk often with Sister Augustine without hearing much to remind him that her outlook differed from his. This incessant practical care for suffering, this ardent sympathy with the persecuted, might have sprung, one thought, with no aid of religion, from a kindly and just heart. So at first we used to think, while we worked with her as a colleague in the English effort to relieve the distress that in a hundred burned villages scourged the Macedonian Bulgars with famine and disease after the massacres and insurrections of 1903. With two Albanian sisters she had charge of a little improvised hospital at Castoria in which lay wounded insurgents and sick villagers. She spoke Bulgarian as easily as she spoke English and French, and she managed her patients with a mixture of humor and authority which made the house of pain, simple and poor as it was, a place almost of gaiety. She worked day and night, and struggled with political as well as medical difficulties. The strain on three nurses was excessive, and their appearance seemed to our eyes to threaten a breakdown. We suggested various ways of relieving the undue burden. She would have none of them, for she had faith in her strength, but at length she made her proposal. It was that a priest should be fetched from Salonika—for there was none in Castoria—who might celebrate daily the Sacrifice of the Mass to strengthen



the three sisters under the inordinate strain. The priest came, and his coming meant that the sisters who had risen daily before five, now rose before four. But the signs of illness and fatigue were gone from their faces, and their colleague, himself an unbeliever, noticed with reverence and sympathy a new look of exaltation and happiness in their eyes. Sister Augustine never explained, for it is the way of the English to be reticent with one another. It was one of the Albanian sisters who described, in language as poetical as it was simple, the change that the daily miracle of the Mass had wrought in them, the sense of a divine presence about them which had vanquished fatigue and restored their wills, though their brief nights were an hour the shorter. We shall never lose the memory of the spiritual beauty in the homely pock-marked face of that Albanian sister as we spoke. She was thinking of one miracle, and we of another. The miracle for us was the transformation which Sister Augustine had wrought in these native sisters. Somewhere among the mountains above Skutari this sister had come into the world in a Mallessori clan. Her kinsmen are still savages, who rob and murder in their incessant tribal wars, obeying only the law of the stronger and the honor of the vendetta, a race which admits to its mind no thoughts save those which turn around hunger and greed, pride and revenge. Out of that abyss she had come transformed, and the sisters had made of her, not merely a civilized and cultivated European (we may rate that too highly), but a Christian who believed.

But after all, the sceptical reader may say, it is a simple womanly instinct to nurse the sick. Sceptical reader, you do not know the Balkans. Women have no instincts there save those that their slavery has imposed upon them. This sister was nursing her hereditary foes. Left to herself, if she had grown up in her native highlands, this gentle sister, who knew no care too loving for these wounded Bulgarian comitadjis, would have cut their throats as they lay helpless, and told the tale of glory to her children and grandchildren. About her faith we never heard Sister Augustine speak. The transmitted flame burned clear and warm among her Albanian and Bulgarian converts. The true saint's halo is her influence on those around her. The Church will not canonize her. But while the guns thundered their follies round Salonika last week, thousands of Macedonian volunteers in the Bulgarian lines said a prayer for their "shestra," while the Catholics behind the 75's remembered the lady whom they had called "ma sœur."

## MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 376.)

### BOOK I.

#### *Matching's Easy at Ease.*

#### § 3.

In his talks with Mr. Direck, Mr. Britling could present England as a great and amiable spectacle of carelessness and relaxation, but was it indeed an amiable spectacle? The point that Mr. Direck had made about the barn rankled in his thoughts. His barn was a barn no longer, his farmyard held no cattle; he was just living laxly in the building that ancient needs had made, he was living on the accumulated prosperity of former times, the spend-

thrift heir of toiling generations. Not only was he a pampered, undisciplined sort of human being, he was living in a pampered, undisciplined sort of community. The two things went together. . . . This confounded Irish business, one could laugh at it in the daylight, but was it indeed a thing to laugh at? We were drifting laxly towards a real disaster. We had a government that seemed guided by the principles of Mr. Micawber, and adopted for its watchword "Wait and see." For months now this trouble had grown more threatening. Suppose presently that civil war broke out in Ireland! Suppose presently that these irritated, mishandled suffragettes did some desperate irreconcilable thing, assassinated, for example! That bomb in Westminster Abbey the other day might have killed a dozen people. . . . Suppose the smouldering criticism of British rule in India and Egypt were fanned by administrative indiscretions into a flame.

And then suppose Germany made trouble. . . .

Usually Mr. Britling kept his mind off Germany. In the daytime he pretended Germany meant nothing to England. He hated alarmists. He hated disagreeable possibilities. He declared the idea of a whole vast nation waiting to strike at us incredible. Why should they? You cannot have seventy million lunatics. . . . But in the darkness of the night one cannot dismiss things in this way. Suppose, after all, their army was more than a parade, their navy more than a protest?

We might be caught— It was only in the vast melancholia of such occasions that Mr. Britling would admit such possibilities, but we might be caught by some sudden declaration of war. . . . And how should we face it?

He recalled the afternoon's talk at Claverings and such samples of our governmental machinery as he chanced to number among his personal acquaintance. Suppose suddenly the enemy struck! With Raeburn and his friends to defend us! Or if the shock tumbled them out of power, then with these vituperative Tories, these spiteful advocates of weak tyrannies and privileged pretences, in the place of them. There was no leadership in England. In the lucid darkness he knew that with a terrible certitude. He had a horrible vision of things disastrously muffed; of Lady Frensham and her "Morning Post" friends first garrulously and maliciously "patriotic," screaming her way with incalculable mischiefs through the storm, and finally discovering that the Germans were the real aristocrats and organizing our national capitulation on that understanding. He knew from talk he had heard that the Navy was weak in mines and torpedoes, unprovided with the great monitors obviously needed for a war with Germany; torn by doctrinaire feuds; nevertheless the sea power was our only defence. In the whole country we might muster a military miscellany of perhaps three hundred thousand men. And he had no faith in their equipment, in their direction. General French, the one man who had his entire confidence, had been forced to resign through some lawyer's misunderstanding about the Irish difficulty. He did not believe any plans existed for such a war as Germany might force upon us, any calculation, any foresight of the thing at all.

Why had we no foresight? Why had we this wilful blindness to disagreeable possibilities? Why did we lie so open to the unexpected crisis? Just what he said of himself he said also of his country. It was curious to remember that. To realize how closely Dower House could play the microcosm to the whole Empire. . . .

It became relevant to the trend of his thoughts that his son had through his mother a strong strain of the dark Irish in his composition.

How we had wasted Ireland! The rich values that lay in Ireland, the gallantry and gifts, the possible friendliness, all these things were being left to the Ulster politicians and the Tory women to poison and spoil, just as we left India to the traditions of the chattering army women and the repressive instincts of our mandarins. We were too lazy, we were too negligent. We passed our indolent days leaving everything to somebody else. Was this the incurable British, just as it was the incurable Britling, quality?

Was the whole prosperity of the British, the far-flung empire, the securities, the busy order, just their good luck? It was a question he had asked a hundred times of his national as of his personal self. No doubt luck had favored him. He was prosperous, and he was still only at the livelier end of middle age. But was there not also a personal factor, a meritorious factor? Luck had favored the British with a well-placed island, a hardening climate, accessible minerals; but then, too, was there not also a national virtue? Once he had believed in that, in a certain gallantry, a noble levity, an underlying sound sense. The last ten years of politics had made him doubt that profoundly. He clung to it still, but without confidence. In the night that dear persuasion left him altogether. . . . As for himself, he had a certain brightness and liveliness of mind, but the year of his fellowship had been a soft year, he had got on to "The Times" through something very like a misapprehension, and it was the chances of a dinner and a duchess that had given him the opportunity of the Kahn show. He'd dropped into good things that suited him. That at any rate was the essence of it. And these lucky chances had been no incentive to further effort. Because things had gone easily and rapidly with him he had developed indolence into a philosophy. Here he was just over forty, and explaining to the world, explaining all through the week-end to this American—until even God could endure it no longer, and the smash stopped him—how excellent was the backwardness of Essex and English go-as-you-please, and how through good temper it made in some mysterious way for all that was desirable. A fat English doctrine. "Punch" has preached it for forty years.

But this wasn't what he had always been. He thought of the strenuous intentions of his youth, while he was still out there with the clean star of youth. As Hugh was.

In those days he had had no amiable doctrine of compromise. He had trucked to no "domesticated God," but talked of the "pitiless truth"; he had tolerated no easy-going pseudo-aristocratic social system, but dreamt of such a democracy "mewing its mighty youth" as the world had never seen. He had thought that his brains were to do their share in building up this great national *imago*, winged, divine, out of the clumsy, crawling, snobbish, comfort-loving caterpillar of Victorian England. With such dreams his life had started, and the light of them, perhaps, had helped him to his rapid success. And then his wife had died, and he had married again, and become somehow more interested in his income, and then there had been quarrels and feuds, and the way had been lost, and the days had passed. He hadn't failed. Indeed he counted as a success among his generation. He alone, in the night watches, could gauge the quality of that success. He was widely known, reputably known; he prospered. Much had come, oh! by a mysterious luck, but everything was doomed by his invincible defects. Beneath that hollow, enviable show there ached waste. Waste! waste! waste!—his heart, his imagination, his wife, his son, his country—his automobile. . . .

Then there flashed into his mind a last straw of disagreeable realization.

He hadn't as yet insured his automobile! He had meant to do so. The papers were on his writing-desk.

#### § 4.

On these black nights, when the personal Mr. Britling would lie awake thinking how unsatisfactorily Mr. Britling was going on, and when the impersonal Mr. Britling would be thinking how unsatisfactorily his universe was going on, the whole mental process had a likeness to some complex piece of orchestral music wherein the organ deplored the melancholy destinies of the race; the big drum thundered at the Irish politicians, and all the violins bewailed the intellectual laxity of the university system. Meanwhile the trumpets prophesied wars and disasters, the cymbals ever and again inserted a clashing air about the fatal delay in the automobile insurance, while the triangle broke into a plangent solo on the topic of a certain rotten gate-post he always

forgot in the daytime, and how in consequence the cows from the glebe farm got into the garden and ate Mrs. Britling's carnations.

Time after time he had promised to see to that gate-post. . . .

The organ *motif* battled its way to complete predominance. The lesser themes were drowned or absorbed. Mr. Britling returned from the rôle of an incompetent automobilist to the rôle of a soul naked in space and time wrestling with giant questions. These cosmic solicitudes, it may be, are the last penalty of irreligion. Was Huxley right, and was all humanity, even as Mr. Britling, a careless, fitful thing, playing a tragically hopeless game, thinking too slightly, moving too quickly, against a relentless antagonist?

Or is the whole thing just witless, accidentally cruel perhaps, but not malignant? Or is it wise, and merely refusing to pamper us? Is there somewhere in the immensities some responsive kindness, some faint hope of toleration and assistance, something sensibly on our side against death and mechanical cruelty? If so, it certainly refuses to pamper us. . . . But if the whole thing is cruel, perhaps also it is witless and will-less? One cannot imagine the ruler of everything a devil—that would be silly. So if at the worst it is inanimate then anyhow we have our poor wills and our poor wits to pit against it. And manifestly then, the good of life, the significance of any life that is not mere receptivity, lies in the disciplined and clarified will and the sharpened and tempered mind. And what for the last twenty years—for all his lectures and writings—had he been doing to marshal the will and harden the mind which were his weapons against the Dark? He was ready enough to blame others—dons, politicians, public apathy, but what was he himself doing?

What was he doing now?

Lying in bed!

His son was drifting to ruin, his country was going to the devil, the house was a hospital of people wounded by his carelessness, the country roads choked with his smashed (and uninsured) automobiles, the cows were probably lined up along the borders and munching Edith's carnations at this very moment, his pocket-book and bureau were stuffed with venomous insults about her—and he was just lying in bed!

Suddenly Mr. Britling threw back his bedclothes and felt for the matches on his bedside table.

Indeed this was by no means the first time that his brain had become a whirring torment in his skull. Previous experiences had led to the most careful provision for exactly such states. Over the end of the bed hung a light warm pyjama suit of llama-wool, and at the feet of it were two tall boots of the same material that buckled to the middle of his calf. So protected, Mr. Britling proceeded to make himself tea. A Primus stove stood ready inside the fender of his fireplace, and on it was a brightly-polished brass kettle filled with water; a little table carried a tea-caddy, a tea-pot, a lemon and a glass. Mr. Britling lit the stove and then strolled to his desk. He was going to write certain "Plain Words about Ireland." He lit his study lamp and meditated beside it until a sound of water boiling called him to his tea-making.

He returned to his desk stirring the lemon in his glass of tea. He would write the plain common-sense of this Irish situation. He would put things so plainly that this squabbling folly would have to cease. It should be done austere, with a sort of ironical directness. There should be no abuse, no bitterness, only a deep passion of sanity.

What is the good of grieving over a smashed automobile?

He sipped his tea and made a few notes on his writing-pad. His face in the light of his shaded reading-lamp had lost its distraught expression, his hand fingered his familiar fountain pen. . . .

#### § 5.

The next morning Mr. Britling came into Mr. Direck's room. He was pink from his morning bath, he was wearing a cheerful green-and-blue silk dressing-gown, he had shaved already, he showed no trace of his

nocturnal vigil. In the bathroom he had whistled like a bird. "Had a good night?" he said. "That's famous. So did I. And the wrist and arm didn't even ache enough to keep you awake?"

"I thought I heard you talking and walking about," said Mr. Direck.

"I got up for a little bit and worked. I often do that. I hope I didn't disturb you. Just for an hour or so. It's so delightfully quiet in the night."

He went to the window and blinked at the garden outside. His two younger sons appeared on their bicycles, returning from some early expedition. He waved a hand of greeting. It was one of those summer mornings when attenuated mist seems to fill the very air with sunshine dust.

"This is the sunniest morning bedroom in the house," he said. "It's south-east."

The sunlight slashed into the masses of the blue cedar outside with a score of golden spears.

"The Dayspring from on High," he said. . . . "I thought of rather a useful pamphlet in the night."

"I've been thinking about your luggage at that hotel," he went on, turning to his guest again. "You'll have to write and get it packed up and sent down here—"

"No," he said, "we won't let you go until you can hit out with that arm and fell a man. Listen!"

Mr. Direck could not distinguish any definite sound.

"The smell of frying rashers, I mean," said Mr. Britling. "It is the clarion of the morn in every proper English home."

"You'd like a rasher, coffee?"

"It's good to work in the night, and it's good to wake in the morning," said Mr. Britling, rubbing his hands together. "I suppose I wrote nearly two thousand words. So quiet one is, so concentrated. And as soon as I have had my breakfast I shall go on with it again."

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

### THE COMING OF THE DAY.

#### § 1.

It was quite characteristic of the state of mind of England in the summer of 1914 that Mr. Britling should be mightily concerned about the conflict in Ireland, and almost deliberately negligent of the possibility of a war with Germany.

The armament of Germany, the hostility of Germany, the consistent assertion of Germany, the worldwide clash of British and German interests, had been facts in the consciousness of Englishmen for more than a quarter of a century. A whole generation had been born and brought up in the threat of this German war. A threat that goes on for too long ceases to have the effect of a threat, and this overhanging possibility had become a fixed and scarcely disturbing feature of the British situation. It kept the Navy sedulous and Colonel Rendezvous uneasy; it stimulated a small and not very influential section of the press to a series of reminders that bored Mr. Britling acutely; it was the excuse for an agitation that made national service ridiculous, and, quite subconsciously, it affected his attitude to a hundred things. For example, it was a factor in his very keen indignation at the Tory levity in Ireland, in his disgust with many things that irritated or estranged Indian feeling. It bored him; there it was, a danger, and there was no denying it, and yet he believed firmly that it was a mine that would never be fired, an avalanche that would never fall. It was a nuisance, a stupidity, that kept Europe drilling and wasted enormous sums on unavoidable preparations; it hung up everything like a noisy argument in a drawing-room, but that human weakness and folly would ever let the mine actually explode he did not believe. He had been in France in 1911, he had seen how close things had come then to a conflict, and the fact that they had not come to a conflict had enormously strengthened his natural disposition to believe that at bottom Germany was sane and her militarism a bluff.

But the Irish difficulty was a different thing. There he felt was need for the liveliest exertions. A few obstinate people in influential positions were manifestly pushing things to an outrageous point.

He wrote through the morning—and as the morning progressed the judicial calm of his opening intentions warmed to a certain regrettable vigor of phrasing about our politicians, about our political ladies, and our hand-to-mouth press.

He came down to lunch in a frayed, exhausted condition, and was much afflicted by a series of questions from Herr Heinrich. For it was an incurable characteristic of Herr Heinrich that he asked questions; the greater part of his conversation took the form of question and answer, and his thirst for information was as marked as his belief that German should not simply be spoken but spoken "out loud." He invariably prefaced his inquiries with the word "Please," and he insisted upon ascribing omniscience to his employer that it was extremely irksome to justify after a strenuous morning of enthusiastic literary effort. He now took the opportunity of a lull in the solicitudes and congratulations that had followed Mr. Direck's appearance—and Mr. Direck was so little shattered by his misadventure that with the assistance of the kindly Teddy he had got up and dressed and come down to lunch—to put the matter that had been occupying his mind all the morning, even to the detriment of the lessons of the Masters Britling.

"Please!" he said, going a deeper shade of pink and partly turning to Mr. Britling.

A look of resignation came into Mr. Britling's eyes. "Yes?" he said.

"I do not think it will be wise to take my ticket for the Esperanto Conference at Boulogne. Because I think it is probable to be war between Austria and Servia, and that Russia may make war on Austria."

"That may happen. But I think it improbable."

"If Russia makes war on Austria, Germany will make war on Russia, will she not?"

"Not if she is wise," said Mr. Britling, "because that would bring in France."

"That is why I ask. If Germany goes to war with France I should have to go to Germany to do my service. It will be a great inconvenience to me."

"I don't imagine Germany will do anything so frantic as to attack Russia. That would not only bring in France but ourselves."

"England?"

"Of course. We can't afford to see France go under. The thing is as plain as daylight. So plain that it cannot possibly happen. . . . Cannot. . . . Unless Germany wants a universal war."

"Thank you," said Herr Heinrich, looking obedient rather than reassured.

"I suppose now," said Mr. Direck after a pause, "that there isn't any strong party in Germany that wants a war. That young Crown Prince, for example."

"They keep him in order," said Mr. Britling a little irritably. "They keep him in order. . . ."

"I used to be an alarmist about Germany," said Mr. Britling, "but I have come to feel more and more confidence in the sound common-sense of the mass of the German population, and in the Emperor too, if it comes to that. He is—if Herr Heinrich will permit me to agree with his own German comic papers—sometimes a little theatrical, sometimes a little egotistical, but in his operative, boldly colored way he means peace. I am convinced he means peace. . . ."

(To be continued.)

## Letters to the Editor.

### "OUR WANT IN EDUCATION."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me a few words on a most misleading sentence in Mr. Strong's letter. He speaks of our children "reeling off lines of Shakespeare" and finding no interest in them. If he will go, when on leave, into almost any



London elementary school he will find that the boys and girls are thoroughly delighted with their Shakespeare because it is treated dramatically; that, moreover, some 20,000 of them went last season to the performances at "the Vic.," so admirably produced by Mr. Ben Greet. Further, if he will call, or send a representative, to the rooms of the London Shakespeare League at 19, Buckingham Street, Strand, on Friday, July 7th, between 7.30 and 9, he will find copies of some 200 programmes of Tercentenary performances held in the schools, and will meet, I hope, a goodly number of teachers who will know how to deal with him. And, finally, if he will go to the Gardens of Lincoln's Inn on the evening of July 6th he will find one school in the neighborhood acting "A Midsummer Night's Dream" for the benefit of the soldiers on Richmond Hill.—Yours, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM, L.C.C.

(President of the London Shakespeare League).

Wavertree, St. Margaret's-on-Thames.

June 24th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with the warmest sympathy Mr. Strong's letter on education; but I should like to deprecate the too pessimistic view of the present education in our elementary schools. Especially I think he is too contemptuous of the present results of poetry teaching. I was for several years a manager of an L.C.C. school, and I was much impressed by the power of many of the teachers in bringing out the intelligence of pupils. One feat I remember which amazed me. In the middle of an historical lesson the teacher (she was a woman) called on the children to recite Milton's sonnet on his blindness. They recited it all together, and yet they gave the full pathos and beauty of the poem. This was, of course, an exceptional feat, achieved by an exceptional woman. But it brings us back, as usual, to the question of the personality of the teacher. I cordially endorse Mr. Strong's wish for "greater respect for the teaching profession, financially and socially"; and at this moment I could wish that our military tribunals thought teaching as much a "national service" as the work of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and jockeys. But let us recognize what has been done as well as what is to be done.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,  
Hampstead, N.W. June 24th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is so rare to find in educational controversies that the argument centres upon Elementary Education, that I cannot resist the temptation to tender my small contribution to a question for which I have, for the best of reasons, a very warm feeling. Articles upon education are, as a rule, so vague and general in character, that we elementary teachers merely feel that the suggestions embodied do not apply to us.

It has always amazed me that, amid so much discussion as to what we shall teach and how we shall teach it, one vital fact in the organization of elementary schools is so seldom, and even then so lightly, touched upon, namely, the size of classes. Is it generally understood among people not in direct contact with primary schools that each class normally comprises sixty children? This is no mere Board of Education Regulation defining the maximum number on the roll: it is a bitter reality. Let anyone with the slightest acquaintance with the business of teaching try to realize what a class of sixty children means. What becomes of "individual" teaching? Take, for example, a composition lesson of half an hour's duration with, say, sixty children of nine years of age. Think of the hundred-and-one difficulties with which a child of nine is beset the moment he attempts to express his ideas in writing. The teacher has at his disposal exactly half a minute per child for correcting errors, improving language, and stimulating ideas. The lesson naturally degenerates into a laborious and disheartening process.

It is not on behalf of the teacher, however, that I would venture to call attention to the number of children in a class, though surely the single task of maintaining discipline needs no stressing. It is, of course, inevitable that the teacher's best energy is absorbed in this really secondary

matter. But it is to the children themselves, and to their parents, that this has always seemed to me so gross an injustice. Why should these children be lumped together in classes of sixty, and submitted to instruction *en masse*? Who would seriously maintain that this instructing of crowds is education? Can it, at best, be more than a crude and mechanical form of teaching, deadening and disheartening to the teacher, and of doubtful efficacy to the pupils?

The objections to small classes will be, of course, based upon economy, the word with which elementary schools are so familiar. If the plea of economy is genuine, and England really cannot afford better conditions for the training of those children whom she seems so anxious to obtain, we must accept it. But do not let us, at any rate, be so far deluded as to call this attempt at the training of the young "Free Education." "Free Mass Instruction" would be an apter title.

If you will allow me, I would like to mention one point in the letter in this week's issue from Private C. F. Strong. He says: Let but the teacher be an "artist." From an idealistic standpoint how sincerely I agree with that. From practical knowledge of the conditions of an elementary school, at how great a disadvantage stands the teacher possessing any of the qualities of an artist! How much more acutely will he feel the press of sixty varying temperaments; how much more bitterly will he resent the rough-and-ready methods of control inevitable in dealing rapidly with so unwieldy a number! Moreover, he will be the more keenly alive to the cramping and narrowing atmosphere of school, the subservience of teachers to all in authority, and the general low estimation of the profession. As is so well known among teachers, the more alert and forward spirits do not seek to improve their profession; they seek to escape from it.

I think it is only fair to add, in conclusion, that a class of sixty is regarded by many teachers as a great reform. I am acquainted with a teacher who, a very few years ago, taught a class of a hundred children!—Yours, &c.,

AN ELEMENTARY TEACHER.

Nottingham. June 26th, 1916.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. C. F. Strong's letter on "Our Want in Education" in your current issue, and as a schoolmaster I should like to make one or two observations based on a practical experience of school life.

The thing that is hopelessly wrong in our grammar schools and other secondary schools which are of similar aim is that the schools are run for gaining open scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, and incidentally at modern universities, as their chief aim. A secondary aim is the upholding of class privilege, for which purpose strong and persistent endeavors are made to seduce the minds of any clever boys from working-class homes who may chance to gain admittance to such schools. For both of these purposes the retention of the learning of the Latin and Greek languages is most useful. The greater part of the scholarships are for classical subjects (*cf.* Gray: "The Public Schools and the Empire"), and for teaching class pride nothing could be a more convenient instrument than the futile study of the never-mastered Latin and Greek languages. What more immoral sentence, what sentence of a greater social influence, can a boy read than

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo"?

What can be more lamentable than that he should be able to translate

"Dedecorum pretiosus emptor"?

Why counteract by the first of these quotations the beautiful teaching of "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, &c.," in short, the whole of I. Cor., 13.

And as for the incidental study of moral muck that the senior boy or junior undergraduate makes, does it not present a wholly wrong perspective of Roman and Greek life?

But, indeed, the vast majority of the unwilling herd who are driven, willy-nilly, to the mental shambles of the Latin and Greek language classes never really master the languages they study. Whatever good they derive from their

attendance at these classes comes from the asides in English of the men who teach them, and, save as far as such men invent opportunities for high-minded asides, such study is worthless. For, be it clearly understood, that the ordinary boy who attends a Latin class does not study Latin literature. His time goes in attempting to master the use of a machine which he never really learns to use as a mental instrument.

Then why not abolish the study of a machine that is out of date and is never mastered, and in the all too short years of boyhood and youth study the evolution of human thought, using translations by competent scholars. Not putting Chemistry or Physics or Mathematics in place of the Latin and Greek lessons, but instead discussions of the history, the life, and the thought of the Human Race, from China to Peru, using books in English, which all can read.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD MERRICK.

206, Peter Street, Macclesfield.  
June 27th, 1916.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Under this heading Private Strong in your columns, and Lord Cromer in the "Spectator," and many others elsewhere are defending Latin and Greek as a means of education.

By all means let those who want Latin and Greek learn them. It seems likely that many of the teachers who now swear by these subjects are giving to the subjects the credit for accuracy and thoroughness and clear thinking which is due to the best of the teachers. But this may be left for experience to settle. The question is not whether Latin and Greek should be taught, but whether all other subjects should be heavily handicapped against them.

There is no good reason except selfish vested interests for maintaining the present handicap, which paralyzes reform.

Both Oxford and Cambridge require Latin and Greek at their preliminary examinations, and the Scottish universities, in cynical contempt of public opinion, are similarly insisting on Latin, while the Civil Service Commissioners seem to have no choice but to play the same game by favoring Latin and Greek, with enormous damage to the efficiency of the Civil Service, and incalculable loss to the empire.

It is needful to be candid about this. We have as a nation been far too absent-minded, and our pedants will be as dangerous to us as the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor, if not shaken off. The thorough knowledge of well-selected classics is undeniably precious; but the pedants are hindering and not helping that by wasting time on grammar. We do not need Hebrew to read the Bible, nor Latin or Greek grammar to read Cicero or Tacitus, Plato or Plutarch, Homer or Thucydides. All the best of the Latin and Greek books have been translated; and the same is true of the Chinese Classics and many others. It is not liberal culture that will suffer by reform, by which is meant the removal of the preposterous handicap on modern languages and English and Science in all departments in favor of the grammars and vocabularies of Latin and Greek.

Our "Wants in Education" are not one—they are many; but the first thing needful is to liberate teachers from the handicap that deprives them of freedom of action.

Even as I write there is lying before Parliament an Ordinance drafted by the Scottish University dons to stereotype the requirement of Compulsory Latin at Preliminary Examinations. At the last ordinary general meeting of the graduates of Glasgow, a recommendation to drop it was carried by more than three to one. A few days ago a special meeting of the General Council was held in the city, and attended by a much larger number of graduates than usual, and it unanimously condemned the Ordinance; and still the pedants are persevering with it. Surely there are intelligent and public-spirited men enough in Parliament to put a spoke in their wheel yet.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

Ayr. June 27th, 1916.

PROGRESS IN HISTORY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that a course of lectures and discussions on the above topic has

been arranged at the Woodbrooke Settlement, near Birmingham, from August 5th to 14th.

Many of us, as you pointed out in a recent admirable article, are sorely perplexed by an international prospect which seems to contradict the humanitarian ideals of thirty or forty years ago, and, in the minds of some, puts in doubt the reality of any general progress in the world which is worth having.

It is to meet such questions and supply, as far as possible, some grounds of confidence for the future that the course has been planned. It follows the general lines of the course on "The Unity of Western Civilization," which was held with success at the same place last year. Progress in government, in social organization, in morality, science, and religion will be made to show that the evidence of history broadly viewed—confirms the hopes on which philosophers and idealists have always built.

Mr. Edwin Gilbert, at Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Birmingham, would be glad to send particulars of lectures, &c., to anyone interested, and I understand that a few places are still vacant for those who may wish to stay in the Settlement during the course.—Yours, &c.,

F. S. MARVIN.

The Dyke, Berkhamsted. June 27th, 1916.

COMPULSORY SERVICE AND PRUSSIANISM.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—This year, as last year, the confusion which Sir R. K. Wilson finds in my terminology exists only in his own mind. He may substitute his own chosen adjective *compulsory* for my *universal* throughout my letter, and he will find the argument unchanged. In fact, my original question ran (June 19th, 1915): "Is there a single case in history of a State adopting *compulsory* service, and becoming less free than it had been under the voluntary system?"

To this he now answers that he knows only one State—the U.S.A.—which fulfils my preliminary condition of exchanging a voluntarist for a compulsorist system. If he means *absolutely* voluntarist and *absolutely* compulsorist, not even the U.S.A. is in point, for there was a great deal of compulsion in its militia system, and a great deal of voluntarism in its draft law. But if he means, as the general public means, a *mainly* voluntary or a *mainly* compulsory system, it is astounding that he can ignore what has happened in Europe since the French Revolution. With one certain exception, and one doubtful exception, every one of the eighteen Continental States has exchanged, since 1793, a *mainly* voluntarist system of recruiting for a *mainly* compulsorist system. The certain exception is Switzerland, the freest country on the Continent and the most wedded through all her history to the compulsory system. On the "Prussianization" theory, Switzerland ought to be the stronghold of despotism in Europe, and the whole trend of affairs since 1793 ought to have been towards despotism. There are, of course, thousands of other interacting agencies in political growth; but these tend to cancel each other, and it would be little short of a miracle if the century *par excellence* of "Prussianization" were also in every country of continental Europe the century *par excellence* of democratic progress. The thing is just conceivable, but Sir R. K. Wilson does not seem even remotely to realize the burden of proof which the facts throw upon him, and the microscopic pretence of proof which he has, as yet, offered.

So far was I from consciously shirking his argument as to the U.S.A. that it was quite a shock to me, on reading yesterday's NATION, to find that my adversary had cherished this as the main pillar of his case. I had looked upon it for a whole year as one of his minor digressions. Let us, therefore, face it now at last. It is notorious that pessimists prophesied all sorts of lasting evil results from the American Draft Law. Our own "Illustrated London News," whose leading articles in those days represented a moderate Liberalism, wrote on September 19th, 1863:—

"Freedom of speech, freedom of writing, freedom from arbitrary arrest, freedom of the person—all these are gone. They may not, perhaps, be gone beyond recall; but, certainly, they are not to be re-obtained by the present generation without struggles as keen and as sanguinary as have always attended the conquest or re-conquest of such priceless treasures in other civilized nations."

Yet, in fact, a few months after the last shot had been fired,

the burden of martial law was removed even from the conquered States, and America rapidly became again a country less militarist than Great Britain. Two years of compulsory service have no more "Prussianized" the U.S.A. than six centuries of it have "Prussianized" Switzerland.

I took my statement as to Prussia from Colonel Keene's article in the "Nineteenth Century and After" for February, 1915, p. 271. It is there asserted that Frederick the Great, in his army of 160,000, had 90,000 non-Prussians. Moreover, Bernardin de St. Pierre, in the thirteenth of his "Studies of Nature," asserts that "a full third" of Frederick's army consisted of French deserters (Tr. Hunter, 1801, vol. III., p. 151). Seeley's assertion that the majority were conscripts possibly represents rather theory than practice, but, in deference to Seeley's great authority, let us put Prussia before 1807 as a mainly compulsorist nation. In that case, she is the possible exception referred to above; but she does not help my opponent, who confesses that even Prussia is, on the whole, freer now than under the less strict compulsory system of Frederick.

Finally, Sir R. K. Wilson ought to know by this time that I have never consciously shirked whatever pertinent arguments he can bring, nor ever shall. It is only too probable that the available space in THE NATION may be insufficient for a full development of his ideas; but, if no more official defender of the "Prussianization" theory comes forward, I am ready to print at my own expense all that Sir R. K. Wilson may care to write, and to forward a copy to any reader of this paper who will send me a stamped and addressed wrapper.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Great Shelford, Cambridge. June 25th, 1916.

#### THE SHOOTING OF CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No doubt a large number of good people in this country are prepared to be terribly shocked and horrified the first time the sentence of death on a Conscientious Objector is actually carried out. The Rev. Mr. Guttery, of Liverpool, was reported as saying the other day that the first Englishman who was shot for obedience to his conscience would split the nation from top to bottom. Passing over the obvious criticism that this division has already occurred, in consequence of the Government's inability to prevent their Conscience Clause being treated as a mere scrap of paper—what I want to know is why so much emphasis should be placed on the mere shooting of a man?

Are we all Materialists? Does the Rev. Mr. Guttery not believe that a man would be vastly better off and happier in Heaven than in the hands of the military? Why is the country not already thoroughly roused at the action of the military in their endeavors, in scores of cases, to break the spirit of these contemptible Conscientious Objectors? To shoot a man may be a real benefit to him; to "break his spirit" (their own phrase very often, and their ideal whether phrased or not) must invariably be a lasting injury and degradation to him.

As for the men who carry on this brutal business, I can only say they could not possibly find a worse occupation. To force a man to do what he firmly believes to be wicked is not merely to destroy his self-respect, it is to deny his right to be a man at all; it is to injure his real self—his very soul—which can never be done by merely killing the body.

I think I never read such a pathetic and pitiable letter as the one you published two or three weeks ago from one of these broken men. If this sort of thing does not rouse the moral indignation of English folk to boiling point I should say that nothing ever will.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

Hale, Cheshire. June 26th, 1916.

#### THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the course of your interesting article on the "Future Government of the Empire," in your issue of June 17th, I think you will admit that the usual "English" lack of imagination in systematic political organization

betrays itself in your reference to the problem of devolution for the United Kingdom. You state: "That raises, not merely the question in devolution and the provision for Wales and Scotland of some measure of Home Rule . . ." Even on the presumption that Ireland will shortly obtain a measure of autonomy, you appear to omit all mention of England. Can any scheme of devolution for the United Kingdom be considered complete without a separate legislature for England as well as one each for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales? You surely cannot imagine that English Nationalist representatives can sit in what will then be the Federal House but which is now the House of Commons in London!—Yours, &c.,

ROLAND MUIRHEAD.

Meikle Cloak, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire.

### Poetry.

#### RESURRECTION: THREE SONNETS.

##### I.

Nor for this hollow thing have men laid down  
Lives consecrate to gods who are long-dead—  
The shadowed ghosts who rose above the red  
Town's fires know that—nor shall the mummer's clown  
Hold the light power to crown or to discrown  
By any schemer's artifice the head  
Of those who went where winding footpaths led,  
For a far future and a past renown.  
Nay, but for thee, sweet mother of sad things  
For good, for evil, many works are wrought  
By men whose mind is thus—while love and hate  
Come overshadowing us with plumed wings—  
To keep one fair inheritance unbought,  
Ireland, our country, and inviolate.

##### II.

They pray "Give us this day our daily bread,"  
And praying so they are not satisfied;  
For all the things for which all these have died,  
Being gone, have left but memories of the dead,  
And still the living grieve and are not fed.  
And many a mother for her son has sighed,  
And to the lonely bed the new-made bride  
Goes hungering, and the maiden bows her head,  
But the Lord God, who has decreed these pains,  
Will wash the blood-stained rivers clean at last  
With the new fragrance of His summer rains  
And the unfailing manna He shall cast  
Down from His mountains to the hungering plains  
When all the days of wrath are overpast.

##### III.

Joy cometh in the morning, and I know  
In the end of days a nation will be born,  
And dead and living, and the men whose scorn  
Fell on the living and the dead, shall show  
How in this world, while feet go to and fro,  
How tenderly springs thought, like the young corn  
That comes not at the loud-blown battle-horn,  
But carefully, where careful men did sow.  
Arise, my country's people, arm again!  
Not as of old, when only wrath was flung  
Clamorously against a foe in arms,  
But, proud beyond the rumors and alarms  
Of all false friends, with wisdom bravely sane,  
March to the conquest of a world unsung.

LIONEL SMITH-GORDON.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Questions of War and Peace." By L. T. Hobhouse. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Life and Letters of Sir John Henniker Heaton." By Mrs. Adrian Porter. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "How to Pay for the War." By the Fabian Research Department. Edited by Sidney Webb. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)  
 "On the Russian Front." By R. S. Liddell. (Simpkin, Marshall. 8s. 6d. net.)  
 "Love's Inferno." By E. Stilgebauer. Translated by C. Thieme. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

A READER, commenting on my notes about the part played by cats in the world of books, charges me (quite unjustly) with an anti-canine prejudice. He demands that the dogs shall have their day. So far from agreeing with Sir William Robertson Nicoll that a love of cats is the mark of a good man, he maintains that such affection is almost confined to doctrinaires or decadents. Even the least reprehensible of cat-lovers are, he says, more or less Pharisaical; they desire to separate themselves from the common run of mankind, and, trusting that they are superior, despise others. Dogs, he holds, are different. A fondness for them is an indication of genuine democracy. It is common to plutocrat and peasant, and it is a foe of that fastidiousness which every democrat in his heart dislikes. My critic's warmth confirms my belief that this is one of the subjects that sharply divide mankind. There are Platonists and Aristotelians, Liberals and Conservatives, those who like sweets and those who like savories, those who care for cats and those who care for dogs. This much at least can be ventured in defence of the dog, that if he be obsequious, he is also faithful. He does not forsake his master, even when that master deserves to be forsaken, and his heart, like the University of Oxford, is often the "home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties." Of this, the dog owned by Bill Sikes is the standing evidence.

Dogs have undoubtedly played a worthy part in the world of books. They have graced the pages of a long line of authors from Homer to Mr. John Galsworthy, and if there is no dog of merit in the Bible, profane literature has done much to make amends. Some of the dogs of fiction, indeed, are like Cowper's hare who "would bite if he could." This seems to have been the case with Cerberus, one of the earliest of them, if one can class as a dog that "triple-headed hound of Hell." Time, however, seems to have done something to soften even Cerberus. Disraeli, in "The Infernal Marriage," tells us how much Pluto cared for his pet. Pluto is on his way home with his bride:—

"For myself," he says to her, "I have none but pleasant anticipations. I long to be at home once more by my own fireside, and patting my faithful Cerberus."

"I think I shall like Cerberus; I am fond of dogs."

"I am sure you will. He is the most faithful creature in the world."

"Is he very fierce?"

"Not if he takes a fancy to you; and who can help taking a fancy to Proserpine?"

"Ah! my Pluto, you are in love."

It is a relief to turn from this monster to, if I may use the epithet, the first human dog in literature, Ulysses's Argos. The few lines given to him in the "Odyssey," when he is the first to recognize Ulysses after all his wanderings, form one of the most touching animal episodes in the whole world of books. I make no apology to the learned reader for quoting from Butcher and Lang's version:—

"And lo, a hound raised up his head and pricked his ears, even where he lay. Argos, the hound of Odysseus, the hardy beast which of old himself had bred, but had got no joy of him, for ere that he went to sacred Ilios. . . . There lay the dog Argos, full of vermin. Yet even now, when he was aware of Ulysses standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside

and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumæus. . . . But upon Argos came the fate of black death, even in the hour that he beheld Odysseus again, in his twentieth year." There is more knowledge of canine nature in this than in Byron's unjustly cynical supposition:—

"Perhaps my dog will whine in vain  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again,  
He'd tear me where he stands."

SHAKESPEARE was not neglectful of dogs. For breed and for points that would be valued at a show, he gives us Theseus's hounds. Launce's dog, Crab, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," was, I suspect, a mongrel, but a pleasant companion for all that, in spite of his master's complaints about his aloofness:—

"I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebblestone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. . . . Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word."

This introduction of Crab comes perilously close to giving the dog a bad name. Yet there must have been something about him to engage so thorough a devotion as Launce's.

SCOTT was one of the few who had a profound affection for dogs and yet held cats in almost equal esteem. Dandie Dinmont's dogs in "Guy Mannering" are deservedly immortal:—

"There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard; I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens—then wi' stoats or weasels—and then wi' the tods and brocks—and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't."

Scott's fondness for dogs is visible in all his novels, and most of his poems. He had a special passion for deerhounds, and he makes Rowsal, "a large stag-greyhound," of which one of his Abbotsford pets was clearly the model, the hero of "The Talisman." The two main canine episodes in the story are Rowsal's defence of the banner of England when Sir Kenneth is induced to leave his guard, and the dog's exposure of the Marquis of Montserrat's treachery, by pulling him from his horse. Scott's attitude towards dogs is expressed by King Richard, when the latter is asked if he "would impeach a confederate on the credit of a dog," and base a charge of treason against the Marquis of Montserrat on the demeanor of a hound:—

"'Royal brother,' returned Richard, 'recollect that the Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by a false accusation; but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor—he is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.'"

DICKENS hardly yields to Scott in his affection for dogs and his knowledge of their character. His greatest canine creation is Bullseye, the dog whom, as Fagan put it, Bill Sikes "humored sometimes." Humoring was not, however, a practice congenial to Bill Sikes, and no small amount of the detestation he excites is due to his treatment of Bullseye. And are there many passages in fiction more dramatic or more poignant than that which describes how the dog's mistaken loyalty brought about the deaths of both? To go through all Dickens's portraits of dogs would be an interesting study, but Bullseye is undoubtedly his masterpiece. An account of all the dogs in books would make a large volume, and one worth reading. Some notable ones that present themselves to the mind are Lieutenant Vanslyperken's vile brute in "Snarleyyow," Onida's Puck, Kingsley's Bran in "Hypatia," and Mr. Barry Pain's Zero. As a sop to cat-lovers I conclude with Somerville's assertion that, like the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch, a dog may err:—

"He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true,  
None are infallible but you;  
The dog whom nothing can mislead  
Must be a dog of parts indeed."

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## A PROPHET OF HOPE.

'My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes.'

By EDWARD CARPENTER. (Allen &amp; Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

EDWARD CARPENTER remains as one of the few survivors from that noble army of testifiers to the Divine who shook the solid self-complacency of the mid-Victorian age. The army had many leaders in its assault, and, like all witnesses to new aspects of the Divine, they were exposed to the scorn, the ridicule, the malignity, the indifference, or the violence of believers in threatened tradition, startled bondmen of habit, and the comfortable preachers of finality. Carlyle was the first to strike the enemy's massive entrenchments. Dickens followed him close. Ruskin was soon at his side. Then, in the 'eighties, came a various and gallant band storming into the breach those three had made. Various in weapons as in personality they were. William Morris, Kropotkin, Havelock Ellis, Hyndman, Annie Besant, Henry Salt, Shaw, Olive Schreiner, Olivier, Edith Lees (Mrs. Ellis), Wallas, the Sidney Webbs, Lowes Dickinson, Mrs. Despard, and many more, most of whom are with us still, but some, as St. Paul wrote to Corinth, have fallen asleep. And among these happy leaders of revolt—varied personalities, but combined in the wide comradeship of rebellion—Edward Carpenter stood in the highest rank.

He has not fallen asleep, either in common death, or in the Death-in-Life—a worse nightmare than the Ancient Mariner's, who thickens man's blood with cold. In this volume he has given us, not only a record of life, full of his personality, full alike of humor and encouragement, but an evidence of the possibility of living beyond seventy and yet remaining in the van of freedom's army. It reveals a personal history of peculiar interest, partly, it is true, for the unusual achievement, but chiefly because we see in it the type of a nature confronted by difficulties and problems which still confront many of us, and to the end overcoming them with successful courage and quiet sincerity.

We see a nature which might be called over-sensitive, if it were not hard to be over-sensitive, since sensitiveness is the very condition of genius and of freedom from vulgarity. We watch this sensitive nature brought up among a typical family of the upper-middle class, at Brighton, a typical centre of Victorian conventions. In such a family and surroundings, the suppression of emotion was the first law. At all events, it came very close after dress and religion. Indeed, it still holds generally good, and those who have compared the behavior of average English people with average "foreigners" at crises of fate, know its advantages. But upon a sensitive nature, longing for affectionate sympathy and communion, the suppression may inflict prolonged and cruel pain. Speaking of the ignored and unguided emotions of youth (often as urgent in maturity), Carpenter writes:—

"I could not think much of sex while the hunger of the heart was unsatisfied—and *that* for the time being occupied all the foreground of my life. Indeed, at times it threatened to paralyze my mental and physical faculties. It was like an open wound continually bleeding. I felt starved and unfed, and unable to rest in the chilling contacts of ordinary life. As to the usual attractions set before the eyes of middle-class youth, the hopeless, helpless young ladyisms, or the bolder beauties of the gutter, they were both a detestable boredom to me."

Not only this hunger of the heart, but the emptiness of surrounding life continually oppressed him. And if he suffered himself, his power of sympathy early taught him that the "young lady" of that period suffered from both causes more:—

"Her life," he writes, "was tragic in its emptiness. . . . A few meagre accomplishments—plentiful balls and dinner-parties, theatres, and concerts—and to loaf up and down the parade, criticizing each other, were the means to bring about this desirable result (i.e., 'taking a proper place in society'). There was absolutely nothing else to do or to live for. . . . More than once girls of whom I least expected it told me that their lives were miserable 'with nothing on earth to do.' Multiply this picture by thousands and hundreds of thousands all over the country, and it is easy to see how, when the causes of the misery were under-

stood, it led to the powerful growth of the modern 'women's movement.'"

Silent in loneliness, and almost as unsatisfied as one of those typical young ladies, in a life deprived of active scope and affectionate emotion, the youth went first to Heidelberg and then to Cambridge, without gaining much from either. Though a good mathematician and (what is far more important for sympathetic esteem) a good jumper, he never found in Cambridge the communion of spirit for which he craved. Probably he was not much noticed as undergrad or don, for, like most shy and sensitive men, his temperament was slow-growing, and he hardly began to live till he was well over thirty. In the meantime, always weighted by what he calls "a fatal bias towards religion," and endowed with "a painful earnestness of character," he turned naturally to the Church. It is strange to reflect that in Cambridge he was curate to F. D. Maurice, of whose profundity of earnest innocence and "struggles with the root-ideas which he was always trying, and vainly, to express," he gives one of those tenderly humorous pictures which add a charm to the whole book. Ordained with difficulty (for he made the Bishop of Ely jump by tracing Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac to a relic of Moloch-worship), he found greater difficulty still in escaping from Orders. But an inward voice kept repeating: "You've got to go, you've got to go"; at last he was successful, and he left Cambridge for good.

In Cambridge, as at Brighton, he had been oppressed by the vacuity and falsity of the life. Many who, like Hamlet, have overstayed their time at a university, have felt the same:—

"These everlasting discussions of theories which never came anywhere near actual life, this cheap philosophizing and ornamental cleverness, this endless book-learning, and the queer cynicism and boredom underlying—all impressed me with a sense of utter emptiness."

Contact with actual life, and freedom from ornamental cleverness, he sought in our Northern towns, where one might well expect to find both. For some years he gave University Extension Courses, chiefly on astronomy, in great manufacturing cities, but lecturing did not bring him close enough to reality, and he gained little beyond a general acquaintance with landladies and the commercial classes. His nature remained unfulfilled. He realized, he says, in his own person some of the sufferings which are endured by an immense number of modern women. His dissatisfaction and longing for the comradeship of genuine labor ("Work makes the comrade!" said Goethe) were intensified by his knowledge of Walt Whitman, whose works came to him by accident a few years before. The gadfly—the "oestrus," as he calls it—for hard manual work stung him to a kind of madness, and many mere brainworkers have felt that sting. He abandoned his classes, took up with a scythe-maker's family, tilled the ground, bought a small freehold with savings, grew fruit and vegetables, made sandals, and sold the lot in the open market-place. So, at last, when he was about thirty-five, he won his deliverance:—

"All the feelings which had sought, in suffering and in distress, their stifled expression within me during the last seven or eight years, gathered themselves together to a new and more joyous utterance. . . . There was a new beauty over the world. Everywhere I paused, in the lanes or in the fields, or on my way to or from the station, to catch some magic sound, some intimation of a perpetual freedom and gladness such as earth and its inhabitants (it seemed to me) had hardly yet dreamed of."

In that glorified mood he began writing "Towards Democracy," to which he added new parts at various times within about twenty years. His debt to Walt Whitman is well known, and is here nobly acknowledged. So far as I know, he is the only writer who has contrived to work in Whitman's manner without burlesque. From Whitman, he says, he learnt that "views" and intellectual furniture generally are not the important thing he had before imagined; that character and the statement of Self, persistently, under diverse conditions, are all-important; that the body in man, and the quality corresponding to body in all art and behavior, are radiant in meaning and beautiful beyond words; and that the production of splendid men and women is the aim, and only true aim, of State policy. Yet when Whitman had influenced him to the full, Thoreau's "Walden" threatened to undermine a good deal of his new

scheme of life, to simplify simplification still further, and urge him closer still against the breasts of earth. I am inclined to think that, by reason of a salutary humor and a startling shrewdness of judgment, one would find in Thoreau his nearest parallel, at least in mere literature.

But, like all people worth speaking about, he stands alone. He came in succession—a rather heretical succession—to Ruskin, and "England's Ideal" or "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure," proves how close a disciple he was. One connects him with William Morris too, and certainly with Tolstoy. All those three, by precept and example, taught the necessity and purifying power of manual labor; all placed the value and happiness of the working man at an immeasurable distance above the commercial value of his work. No one can overestimate their influence upon the present world. But there is something in Carpenter a little "harder" than in Ruskin; a little more "scientific" than in Morris; a good deal less negative and ascetic than in Tolstoy. Above all, he remains into old age more hopeful, and never with recurrent lamentations of regretful yearning does he turn his eyes fondly back to the blessed centuries of cathedrals and craft-guilds, or to the primitive Christians' holy simplicity.

He belongs to no school; he has taught no doctrine; never setting out to do good, he has acted for himself under the compulsion of an inward necessity. He has known the full horror of degradation to which our commercial system reduces most of our countrymen. He knows the cheap-and-nasty people as well as the cheap-and-nasty products. He has seen the resulting cold-mutton faces and codfish eyes—the low level and paltry standard of human value. "Perhaps even," he exclaims, "the madness of warfare is better than that." But, no matter what revolutions or financial crashes may now befall us, he does not feel at all alarmed for the future. He remains aware that the Kingdom of God is within, and not outside. Conscious of the unity of all life, he finds the ultimate objects of existence to lie in union with the beauty and vitality of nature, and in union with those one loves. "How lovely!" he has somewhere exclaimed, "to think there are all these books, and one need not read them!" Yet even in some books he recognizes "an inexhaustible germinative quality." Such a quality, it appears to me, is also possessed by a life like his, so courageous, so regardless of external forces, and so loyal to the inward self.

H. W. N.

#### REBEL AND LITERARY CRITIC.

"Literature in Ireland: Studies—Irish and Anglo-Irish." By THOMAS MACDONAGH. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

"CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously," writes the author of the present book, "we are influenced in reading Keats by the thought of his twenty-five years." It is impossible in reading "Literature in Ireland" not to be influenced by the knowledge that the writer was one of the fifteen Irishmen executed for proclaiming an Irish Republic on Easter Monday. One knows, too, that before he died he declared that he was happy to die for Ireland. One cannot but be deeply interested in anything that will throw light on the mind and character of a man of letters on whom so tragic a doom has fallen. What did this Ireland that he died for mean to him? Was he fired by the ancient love of the lost cause? Was he a victim of the Celtic melancholy or the Celtic hope? It is clear from the present book that he was a prophet of faith, not of sadness. He insists that the "note" of the new literature in Ireland—at least of the new literature in Irish—is "a note of pride, of self-reliance, almost of arrogance." "The Gaelic revival," he goes on, "has given to some of us a new arrogance. I am a Gael and I know no cause but of pride in it. . . . My race has survived the wiles of the foreigner here. It has refused to yield even to defeat, and emerges strong to-day, full of hope and of love, with new strength in its arms to work its new destiny, with a new song on its lips and the words of a new language; which is the ancient language, still calling from age to age. . . . This arrogance is a sign of energy, of vitality, and so here is good."

His book, it is only fair to say, deals little in generalizations of this kind. It is not a book of eloquence, but an

attempt to discover and explain the nature of that curiously interesting literature which has grown up in Ireland—chiefly in the English language—during the past century. Mr. MacDonagh leaves out of account Irish writers like Swift and Goldsmith and Burke. Those were contributors to English, not to Anglo-Irish, literature. Their deliberate appeal, both in subject-matter and in form, was to an English and not to an Irish audience. By Anglo-Irish literature Mr. MacDonagh means literature which, though written in the English language, is influenced by Irish modes of thought and addressed principally to an Irish audience. Thus he includes among Anglo-Irish writers Lionel Johnson, who, though an Englishman in upbringing, was adopted into the Irish tradition. He wishes to substitute for the "Celtic note" emphasized by Matthew Arnold something which he calls the "Irish mode." This Irish mode he does not exactly define; but by a poem written in the Irish mode he means a poem which shows "the influence of Irish versification, the influence of the Irish way of speech, the influence of Irish music." It is not that he excludes from Anglo-Irish literature all poetry not written in this mode. He does not find the marks of the Irish mode in the verse of Mr. James Stephens, Miss Susan Mitchell, or Miss Alice Milligan, but he would scarcely on this account shut out their work from an anthology of Anglo-Irish poetry. By making this concession, he may seem rather to weaken his case for the existence of a separate Anglo-Irish literature—a literature which is not merely a branch from the stem of English literature. He scarcely makes allowance, moreover, for the influence of English authors on nearly all the greatest of the Anglo-Irish writers—of Blake and Swinburne on Mr. Yeats, for instance. At the same time, he does make out a most interesting case for his contention that Anglo-Irish literature has its roots, not in English literature, but in the traditional music and poetry of Ireland and in the almost separate language of the English-speaking peasantry in Ireland to-day. English as it is spoken in Ireland is English that has been turned and twisted to suit the old Gaelic order of speech. Perhaps, however, Mr. MacDonagh exaggerates the differences between the Irish and the English or French use of words. Thus he takes a passage from De Quincey on the too-swarming life of Southern Asia, ending with the sentence:—

"Man is a weed in those regions."

He then gives us a French version by Baudelaire, who translated this sentence as:—

"L'homme, dans ces contrées, pousse comme l'herbe."

This is followed by a terse Latin translation, and then by a translation into classic Irish prose, which is literally turned into English in this shape:—

"Where are we then, but that not more grows the growth of wild plants in a soft, sodded grassy place than the fresh growth of the Adam-clan on the arable soil of India?"

We cannot help feeling that the Irish mind must have simpler methods of expressing a simple image than this. Surely these grace notes of speech are a vice of style of which every language is capable if perverted from its right use. Mr. Pádraic O'Conaire, we imagine, could translate the sentence into Irish as pithy as the English of De Quincey or the French of Baudelaire; and his version would be as well suited to the Irish mode of thinking as the Keatingese version quoted by Mr. MacDonagh. It is its imaginative fullness, not its adjectival emptiness, which is the distinction of good Irish writing.

Mr. MacDonagh is much nearer one of the secrets of Irish literature when he notes the difference between English and Irish rhythm. "English rhythm," he writes, "is governed by stress. In England the tendency is to hammer the stressed syllables and to slur the unstressed syllables. In Ireland we keep by comparison a uniform stress. A child in Cork, reading the word *unintelligibility*, pronounces all the eight syllables distinctly, without special stress on any, though his voice rises and falls in a kind of tune or croon, going high upon the final syllable." It is because they look for the stresses of Pope and Keats in the verse of Mr. Yeats that many readers are at first at a loss before its music. But, none the less, it has a most exquisite music—a music in many ways akin to that of Irish speech. And that is the case with a great deal of modern Irish verse. "I should say," writes Mr. MacDonagh, "that the effects of our more



**Macmillan's New Books.**

BY LORD CROMER.

**Political & Literary Essays.  
Third Series.**

By the EARL OF CROMER.

8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

*The Westminster Gazette.*—"These essays are well-furnished not only with the knowledge gained from books, but with first-hand observation gleaned from a long and varied experience. Lord Cromer speaks of administration as an administrator, and he writes as one who has for a generation and more been behind the scenes in European affairs."

**Persons & Politics of the  
Transition.**

By ARTHUR ANTHONY

BAUMANN, B.A., sometime M.P. for Peckham. 8vo. 6s. net.

*The Saturday Review.*—"A volume which is entertaining throughout. Mr. Baumann has had unusual opportunities of observing and knowing the prominent politicians about whom he writes. . . . A valuable and courageous commentary on contemporary men and current problems. We heartily commend his book to all who desire, by reflection on past blunders, to prepare themselves for the difficulties of the immediate future."

1916 ISSUE JUST READY.

**The Statesman's Year Book.**

For the Year 1916. Edited by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D.  
Assisted by M. EPSTEIN, Ph.D. With Maps. Crown  
8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

REV. WILLIAM TEMPLE'S NEW BOOK.

**Plato and Christianity. THREE  
LECTURES.**By the Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE, M.A.  
Crown 8vo. 2s. net.

\* \* \* These three lectures are entitled respectively General Philosophy, Ethics and Politics, and Plato and Christianity.

**Discovery, or the Spirit and  
Service of Science.**

By Professor R. A.

GREGORY. With 8 Plates. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

\* \* \* The main purposes of this book are to display the nobility of scientific work, the value of scientific method, and the practical service of results obtained by research. The human note is dominant, and scientific discovery is shown to have given rise to numerous great industries and to have contributed more than any other factor of modern life to the welfare of mankind.

WITH A PREFACE BY OWEN WISTER.

**The Aftermath of Battle. With  
the Red Cross in France.**By EDWARD D. TOLAND. Illustrated. Crown 8vo.  
3s. 6d. net.**Second Thoughts of an Econo-  
mist.**

By WILLIAM SMART, D.Phil., LL.D., late  
Professor of Political Economy in the University of  
Glasgow. With a Biographical Sketch by THOMAS  
JONES, M.A. Extra crown 8vo. 5s. net.

MACMILLAN &amp; CO., LTD., LONDON.

**THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.**

Contents. JULY, 1916.

THE SITUATION AND THE OUTLOOK. By DR. E. J. DILLON  
THE TESTING OF THE NEW BRITISH NAVY—MAY 31st, 1916. By  
ARCHIBALD HURD.  
PERSIA AND THE FRUSTRATION OF GERMAN SCHEMES. By ROBERT  
MACHRAY.  
THE LITTLE NATIONS AND THE WAR. By E. BRUCE MITFORD.  
CONTINENTAL DEMOCRACIES AND COMPULSORY MILITARY SER-  
VICE. By G. G. COULTON.  
A SOUND PEACE OR A SECOND WAR. By "Y."  
THE FIRST BATTLE OF YPRES. By MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS.  
DEMOSTHENES AND THE PRINCIPLES OF PATRIOTISM.—I. By  
W. L. COURTNEY.  
RHODES AND PARNELL ON IMPERIAL FEDERATION. By J. G.  
SWIFT MACNEILL, K.C., M.P.  
GERMAN ECONOMIC METHODS AND THEIR DEFEAT. By HENRI  
HAUSER.  
THE APPEAL OF POETRY AT THE PRESENT HOUR. By SIR HERBERT  
WARREN (President of Magdalen College, Oxford).  
GRANT ALLEN, 1848-1899. By EDWARD CLODD.  
FASHION AND THE PAINTER. By MRS. ARJA  
MORGAN.  
FRUITS FOR HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND LONGEVITY. By SAMUEL  
MORGAN.  
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN. By JAMES DAVENPORT  
WHEPLEY.  
HISTORY OF THE WAR. WITH MAPS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

**Mr. HEINEMANN'S LIST.****THE NATIONAL HISTORY OF FRANCE.**

With an Introduction by J. E. C. BODLEY. 7/6 n. each vol.

*New Volume Now Ready.***THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.**

By CASIMIR STRYIENSKI.

*Previously Published.***THE CENTURY OF THE RENAISSANCE.**

By LOUIS BATIFFOL.

"Mr. Bodley gives the new 'National History of France' his complete approbation, and everybody associated with literature knows that no higher praise is necessary."—*Daily Telegraph.*

**THE WAR FOR THE WORLD.**

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

6/- net

"In all Mr. Zangwill's best work and speeches, there is a deep and prophetic note, seldom heard even in the greatest of his English-speaking contemporaries. It comes nearest to Tolstoy among the moderns."—*The Nation.*

*A Leading Case in Psychological Research.***THE QUEST FOR DEAN  
BRIDGEMAN CONNER.**

By ANTHONY J. PHILPOTT.

6/- net

**FROM DARTMOUTH TO  
THE DARDANELLES.**

A MIDSHIPMAN'S LOG. Edited by His Mother.

1/- net

SOLDIERS' TALES SERIES.

**"CONTEMPTIBLE."**

By "CASUALTY."

3/6 net

"'Casualty' has a strikingly vivid style, an unusual talent for the analysis of the emotions felt in the stress of battle . . . rich in psychological interest."—*Scotsman.*

**ON THE ANZAC TRAIL.**

By "ANZAC."

3/6 net

"Quite the real thing . . . straight, racy vernacular . . . an extraordinarily vivid record."—*The Times.*

**PRISONER OF WAR.**

By ANDRÉ WARNOD.

3/6 net

"Quite a little classic . . . wonderfully informing and enter-  
taining."—*Sunday Times.*

2s. 6d. net. Postage 4d. extra.

**THE  
HIBBERT JOURNAL**

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS—JULY.

A DISCOURSE ON WAR By the late Stopford Brooke

THE SPIRITUAL ALLIANCE OF RUSSIA AND  
ENGLAND By Harold Begbie

GERMAN WAR SERMONS By A. Shadwell

EDUCATION AND HUMANISM  
By Professor Alexander DarrochTHE EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY  
By J. A. R. MarriottTHE PROBLEM OF CONSCIENCE  
By Principal W. B. SelbieTHE CHRISTIAN IDEAL AND ITS REALISATION  
By Rev. Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., D.D.

RACE SUICIDE By the Countess of Warwick

A MODERN CONFESSION OF FAITH ON JESUS  
CHRIST By the Rev. Ambrose Vernon, D.D.SHAKESPEARE, THE ENGLISHMAN  
By Professor W. Macneile Dixon

TURNING THE TABLES By C. G. Montefiore

JEWISH MYSTICISM. An Historical Survey  
By the Chief Rabbi (Dr. J. H. Hertz)A DEFENCE OF SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM  
By Hugh Elliot

DISCUSSIONS AND SIGNED REVIEWS.

SUBSCRIPTION—10/- per annum, post free.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, HENRIETTA ST.,  
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

deliberate Irish speech on our verse are these two: first, a prose intonation, not monotonous, being saved by the natural rise and fall of the voice, a remnant of the ancient pitch—a quality, as it were, of chanted speech; and, secondly, a tendency to give, in certain poems, generally of short, rhyming lines, almost equal stress value to all the syllables, a tendency to make the line the metrical unit." There are many other points in regard to which Mr. MacDonald's studies throw light on the differentia of verse written in the Irish mode. At the same time, with some of his points it is impossible to agree. Thus, he confuses two kinds of obscurity in his defence of Irish poets against the charge of being obscure. He regards obscurity as a word applied to what is unknown or strange—a part of Irish tradition, or a personal vision incomprehensible to an English reader—and he quotes, as an example of Irish obscurity, a verse from Mr. Colum's "Drover":—

"Then the wet, winding roads,  
Brown bogs and black water,  
And my thoughts on white ships  
And the King of Spain's daughter."

"To us," he writes, "there is a world of memory in these lines. . . . Others might well ask, Which King of Spain? Why white ships? and find nothing but suggestions of unpleasantness in the thought of wet roads, brown bogs, and black water. I suppose one has to be baptized Irish to feel the right thing." As a matter of fact, no one would ask these questions who was capable of appreciating poetry above the level of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." It is the vague vision in the work of some of the lesser Irish poets, not the novelty of their imagination, of which a critic may reasonably complain. Mr. MacDonald complains that, while the Irish use words which are coins, the English merely use words which are counters. It seems to us that in both countries the great mass of writers make use of the counters of convention. Only the most honest and energetic imagination can escape from this peril.

One may quarrel in the same way with much that Mr. MacDonald has to say on the subject of Irish literature—of literature, that is, which is written in the Irish language. When he says, for instance:—

"Irish prose I believe to be a finer vehicle than English prose. The poise and the concision of the idiomatic Irish sentence make our long series of words in English seem weak by comparison."

we feel that it would be much better to say that each language has its special genius, and to leave it at that. Certainly, to quote Keatingese Irish on one page and to speak of the conciseness of Irish on another will only serve to bewilder most readers. The chapter on Irish literature, it should be said, is not intended as a complete study of the subject. Few of the modern writers in Irish are even mentioned. It is specially interesting, however, for its references to the work of Mr. P. H. Pearse, President of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic. Mr. Pearse had written several volumes of prose and verse in Irish, and unrhymed translations of some of his poems are given in Mr. MacDonald's book. The most beautiful is called "Lullaby of a Woman of the Mountain":—

"O little head of gold! O candle of my house!  
Thou wilt guide all who travel this country.

• • • • •

"Be quiet, O house! and O little grey mice,  
Stay at home to-night in your hidden lairs!

"O moths on the window, fold your wings!  
Cease your droning, O little black chafers!

"O plover and O curlew, over my house do not travel!  
Speak not, O barnacle-geese, going over the mountain  
here!

"O creatures of the mountain that wake so early,  
Stir not to-night till the sun whitens over you!"

Charming as this is, however, the most immediately interesting of Mr. Pearse's poems is that entitled "Ideal"—a poem surely prophetic of the writer's destiny:—

"Naked I saw thee,  
O beauty of beauty!  
And I blinded my eyes  
For fear I should flinch.

"I heard thy music,  
O melody of melody!  
And I shut my ears  
For fear I should fail.

"I kissed thy lips,  
O sweetness of sweetness!  
And I hardened my heart  
For fear of my ruin.

"I blinded my eyes,  
And my ears I shut,  
I hardened my heart  
And my love I quenched.

"I turned my back  
On the dream I had shaped,  
And to this road before me  
My face I turned.

"I set my face  
To the road here before me,  
To the work that I see,  
To the death that I shall get."

It is clear even from the few quotations which Mr. MacDonald gives that Irish writers are once more beginning to express profound and universal emotions in their own language. One would be glad of a more comprehensive study of modern Irish prose and poetry; but meanwhile Mr. MacDonald has given us on the subject a book at once provocative and original—a book from the conclusions of which many readers will differ, but in the theses of which they cannot but be interested.

#### A FOOTNOTE TO SHAKESPEARE.

"Shakespeare and His Fellows." By the Right Hon. D. H. MADDEN. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

ONE of the pranks that fancy is liable to play with the critic of Shakespearean scholarship is to escort him to the Elysian Fields, there to behold Shakespeare's meeting with his various commentators—a Rhadamanthus with his legion of "cases." For if it is not true of Shakespeare that "he wanted Arte" (that is the last thing in the world he wanted), it certainly is of those innumerable marginalists who pile their Pelions on their Ossas, their references on their theories, in the attempt to prove that Shakespeare was or was not as his works and the records of his life we possess have indicated. The truth is that there is no more room for Shakespearean research, since the practically exhaustive labors of Sir Sidney Lee upon accredited data—until a critic of genius, another Coleridge or Bradley, comes to put a new interpretation upon those facts, and until new biographical detail is discovered.

That is what we feel about "Shakespeare and His Fellows," even though it is written by no less a man than the Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University. For Doctor Madden is plainly hard put to it to say anything fresh about Shakespeare. Part of his book is simply a digest of Sir Sidney Lee's accumulations, part an arrangement of material which can all be found in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" or the "Dictionary of National Biography," part an endorsement of Elton's and Halliwell-Phillips's theories as to Shakespeare's relations with his wife, part recapitulations of proven (and rather blunted) points of Shakespearean biography, and part casual notices of his literary contemporaries.

Dr. Madden is so hard put to it that he thinks it worth while to give us his views of what Shakespeare meant by the word "fellow":—

"He would have understood it to mean 'one that is associated with another in habitual or temporary companionship; a companion, associate, comrade.' This sense of the word, usual in the time of Shakespeare and the next succeeding age, is noted in the 'New English Dictionary' as 'now rare.' It is in this sense that the word was used by Shakespeare in his will, and it is in this sense that the word is employed in these pages."

We, and, indeed, the whole English-speaking world, would have understood it to mean precisely what Shakespeare did. A minor point, but one which deserves comment, is Dr. Madden's use of the word "baffled" in referring to Shakespeare's sonnets. Now, the sonnets are so perspicuous and intimate a revelation of the poet's psychology, that the term "baffled" is both irrelevant and meaningless. If the

THE  
**Hospital for Epilepsy & Paralysis**  
and other Diseases of the Nervous System,  
MAIDA VALE, LONDON, W.

FOUNDED 1866. INCORPORATED 1900.  
(UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.)

**25 Beds for Sailors.**  
**35 Beds for Soldiers.**  
**25 Beds for Civilians.**

"Men have been invalided unable to speak; unable to stand, or unable to keep upright; unable to remain still or to sit still. Some have lost their memory; others the control over their limbs. The majority of them are subject to frightful dreams and nightmares and visions, and many almost border on insanity."

Annual Subscriptions and Legacies are Specially Solicited.  
H. W. BURLEIGH, Secretary.

Just Published. Price 1s. 3d. net.

**THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY**

An Essay on the Christian Hypothesis.

By FREDERIC SEEBOHM, Hon. LL.D. (Edin.), &c.,  
Author of "The Oxford Reformers," &c.

This book was printed for private circulation only in 1876, and is now published at the desire of some of the Author's friends.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

**The Churchmen's Union.**

ANNUAL SERVICE AND MEETING. THURSDAY, JULY 6TH, 1916.  
12.0 HOLY COMMUNION in St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Preacher—The Rev. HUBERT HANDLEY.

3.0 PUBLIC MEETING in the Hall of St. George's, Victoria Embankment.

Speakers—The Rev. Canon STREETER; The Rev. H. D. A. MAJOR, Editor of *The Modern Churchman*; Dr. CYRIL NORWOOD, Head Master of Bristol School.

**BIBLES AND  
PRAYER BOOKS  
For PRIZES, &c.**

**The London Bible Warehouse,  
22, Paternoster Row, E.C.,**

Have the Largest and best Selection in London.  
We specialise in Bibles, Prayer Books, Church Services, etc., for Clergy, Congregation, and the Children.

Please write, 'phone, or call. List sent post free.  
TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 339.

**WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE EMPIRE.  
JOINT SUFFRAGE MEETING.**

Under the auspices of the BRITISH DOMINIONS WOMAN SUFFRAGE UNION.  
Supported by the United Suffragists, Women's Freedom League, Workers' Suffrage Federation, Church League for W.S., Free Church League for W.S., Catholic League for W.S., Forward Cymric Suffrage Union, Actresses' Franchise League, Tax Resistance League, Friends' Suffrage League, Suffragettes of the W.S.P.U., Independent W.S.P.U., Civil Service W.S. Society, Sanitary Inspectors' Suffrage Society.

In the CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER (near Westminster Hospital),  
On FRIDAY, JULY 7, at 7.30 p.m.

Speakers: Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Mr. Henry W. Nevinnson, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.  
Tickets—2s., 1s., 6d., from United Suffragists, Chancery Lane, W.C., or the International Suffrage Shop (5, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.), or Miss D. Pethick (39, Meadway Court, Golder's Green, N.W.).

**—Domestic Subjects—**

are becoming much more important in these days of self-dependence. Hence every girl should have a thorough course of training. An investigation of the Prospectus of the Southport College of Housecraft (Room 13), Cambridge Road, Southport,

EA4 will prove useful to you.

**The Nation.**

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

**Subscription Rates.**

Inland—Yearly .....	26s.	post free.
6 Months .....	13s.	" "
3 Months .....	6s. 6d.	" "
Foreign—per annum .....	30s.	" "

**GENERAL BOTHA**

THE CAREER AND THE MAN

By HAROLD SPENDER. 7s. 6d. net.

"Absorbingly interesting in its every page."—*Westminster Gazette*.

**CHARLES STEWART PARNELL**

A Memoir.

By his Brother, JOHN HOWARD PARNELL.

10s. 6d. net.

"Helps us to understand the complex personality of the 'Uncrowned King' . . . readable throughout."—*Morning Post*.

**THE ULTIMATE BELIEF**

By A. CLUTTON-BROCK, Author of "Thoughts on the War." 2s. 6d. net.

"May be commended without reserve."—*Westminster Gazette*.

**NEW FICTION**

**SPECTATORS.** By CLARA SMITH and T. BOSANQUET. 6s.

"A delicate and sparkling book . . . to be kept and read again."—*Westminster Gazette*.

**HOW JONAS FOUND HIS ENEMY.**

By GREVILLE MACDONALD. 6s.

"Beautiful and living . . . serene and passionate."—*Manchester Guardian*.

**A SLAV SOUL.** By A. KUPRIN. 5s. net.

"As searching and as vivid as Mr. Kipling's stories."—*Athenaeum*.

**THE PROGRESS OF KAY.** By G. W. Bullett. 4s. 6d. net

**FOR ENGLAND.** By H. Fielding-Hall. 3s. 6d. net

**JUST DAVID.** By Eleanor H. Porter. 6s.

**BARNACLES.** By J. Macdougall Hay. 6s.

CONSTABLE & CO Ltd

10 Orange Street London WC

"You can't imagine what a help they are, in these hard times." (From a Lance Corporal.)

**They ARE Starving**

It has been definitely stated in Parliament that our fighting men captured by the Germans are being deliberately kept short of food. These brave fellows are ever on the verge of starvation.

"If it had not been for parcels of food sent from this country the prisoners would in many instances have starved."—Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons.

Mr. Tennant is hopeful that there will be no relaxation of the efforts being made to send parcels to British Prisoners of War. The warm-hearted public will not need to be reminded of this truly national obligation.

The more generous support of the Fund of the Royal Savoy Association (which sends 300 parcels of food each week to British Prisoners of War) will make it possible to extend its scope and bring relief to more men in their pitiful plight. British prisoners are really starving. You'll never permit this!

The R.S.A. parcels (value 7s. 6d.) include everything that is known to be necessary for the welfare and comfort of the prisoners. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received by



"I was in prison and ye came unto Me."

REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN  
ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION  
7 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.



sonnets puzzle (not baffle) the pilgrim of identities, they certainly do not the pilgrim of character.

Dr. Madden's first chapter is about Spenser. So far as Shakespeare comes in, we get Spenser's personification of Shakespeare as "Aetion" in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," and Shakespeare's reference to Spenser in "Midsummer Night's Dream":—

"The thrice three muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceased in beggary."

The rest of the chapter concerns Spenser's movements in Ireland and England, his possible meeting with Shakespeare, and his strange death from starvation, or, as Dr. Madden puts it, "for lack of the nourishment necessary in his enfeebled condition." Then follows a chapter on "The Players." Dr. Madden suggests that Shakespeare intended to publish his dramas in a collected form, a project cut short by his death. In view of the fact that the first folio was not published until seven years after his death, that what plays were published in quarto were procured at the instance of piratical booksellers, and that his retirement to Stratford, gave him ample leisure to pursue his intention, that he literally as well as metaphorically turned his back upon the stage, to become a country gentleman, and that Ben Jonson was the only Elizabethan dramatist to have his own works published collectively in folio in the year of Shakespeare's death—such a theory does not seem tenable for a moment. Shakespeare, it must be remembered, was almost the only dramatist of the Elizabethan age to die in the odor of wealth and respectability. It was the famous players (Edward Alleyn, Augustine Phillips, and others), and not the famous dramatists (Fletcher was really a post-Elizabethan), who evaded the horrors of debt and destitution. No wonder that poor Greene wrote on his deathbed in a hovel with such bitterness of "those anticks garnisht in our colors."

The "Bohemianism" of Greene, Nash, and Peele is too familiar for us to comment on Dr. Madden's short account of them. He is, we think, a little unjust to the memory of Ben Jonson. He speaks of his "aggressive and unlovely personality" and he repeats at some length and appears to support Drummond's ungracious summary of his conversation with Ben. Ben was obviously a little jealous of Shakespeare—as any man who set more store by sheer learning than literature would be of a fellow-dramatist and rival who surpassed and eclipsed him so completely as Shakespeare did. But his handsome acknowledgment (as, indeed, Dr. Madden agrees, at the end of his chapter) of Shakespeare's genius and good-nature more than atones for it. For let it be remembered that Jonson's criticism of Shakespeare is in the main just and accurate—it would have been better had he "blotted a thousand lines," heretical as it sounds to a Shakespearean idolater. And his "bibliomachia" with Marston and Dekker in the "Poetaster" is more of an indictment of his methods of defending his scholarly cause than of his goodwill. In the chapter on Marlowe, Dr. Madden, after touching on his career and literary achievement (he only amplifies the text-book verdicts and accounts), has this curious passage:—

"Association with Marlowe had not the influence on the mind of Shakespeare which it was said, probably with truth, to have exerted on weaker intellects. Shakespeare remained unshaken in his hold of the great truths of religion, and three centuries having elapsed, the anniversary of his death will be celebrated, with gratitude for his teaching, in services of the Church of which he was a member."

We can imagine Shakespeare, pursued by the insinuating atheism of Marlowe, holding up his churchwarden's staff and declaring in a firm voice, "Retro, Satanas!"

Dr. Madden's longest and final chapter is called "Shakespeare's Family and Friends." The greater portion of it is devoted to clearing Shakespeare's matrimonial relations with Anne Hathaway of any stigma of scandal and irregularity. Dr. Madden has, of course, practically no evidence whatever. And, as an example of his methods of research, he more than hints that the sonnet beginning "Oh, never say that I was false of heart!" is a reference to his wife, and then, a few pages later, roundly declares that the famous lines in "The Tempest":—

"Take my daughter: but  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both:"

are not autobiographical. By thus nicely discriminating between what is autobiographical and what is not, you might just as well prove him a bigamist. The facts of Shakespeare's marriage, together with the facts that he is read in all the schools and died a landed proprietor in the possession of a comfortable income, are so repugnant to certain worthy people that they are ready to read into his text the evidences that he was not only the greatest, but the most immaculate and church-going of English dramatists.

## THE MISUNDERSTANDING OF HANDEL.

"George Frederick Handel." By ROMAIN ROLLAND.  
Translated by A. E. HULL. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The evocatory character of Handel's music should never be forgotten. . . . It is a music which paints emotions, souls and situations, the epochs and the places which are the framework of the emotions, and which tint them with their own peculiar moral tone. In a word, his is an art essentially picturesque and dramatic."

On this text M. Romain Rolland hangs most of the sermon contained in his quite admirable book on Handel. Whether consciously or not, the sermon that he preaches is primarily addressed to an English congregation. In Germany, Handel is in process of being rediscovered; in France he is unfamiliar enough to be a promising candidate for a *succès de snobisme*. But in England he is become as much part of the national life as roast beef on Sundays and plum pudding at Christmas. Unfortunately, the English, while showing the excellence of their intentions in nationalizing such a supreme musician, betray equally the inferiority of their taste in insisting on treating him as what he is not and never was: to wit, a great religious composer. Among the modern-minded it is almost a truism by now to say that Handel's worst enemy has been the composer of "The Messiah," surprising genius though the latter may be. Nevertheless, it cannot too often be repeated that "The Messiah," or, to be more accurate, the conventionally-accepted idea of "The Messiah," performed in what M. Romain Rolland so well describes as "a pompous, rigid, and stolid manner, with an orchestra and choir far too numerous and badly balanced, with singers frightfully correct and pious, without any feeling or intimacy," has planted in the English public a conception of Handel as false as it is ludicrous. It has done worse; it has actually prejudiced a considerable section of the modern public against Handel's music as a whole—a result truly and especially deplorable, because no musician should be more sympathetic to the modernist than Handel rightly understood. For Handel, better perhaps than any other of the great classical composers, would have understood what we mean when we talk of "Nature" in music, being primarily a "naturalist" himself.

"This man," says M. Rolland, "who was neither an intellectual nor a mystic, one who loved, above all things, light and nature, beautiful pictures, and the spectacular view of things, who lived more through his eyes than most of the German musicians . . . had with his vanished sight lost the best source of his inspiration." We are delighted, though not surprised, that the accurate, realist common-sense of a Frenchman has finally dissipated the romantic, sentimental view of too many English people (typically exemplified in the original article on Handel in "Grove's Dictionary") as to Handel's blindness. They seem to think that it meant nothing more to him than to the average man—rather less in fact, because musicians for some mysterious reason, are supposed to have a kind of natural affinity with blindness—and, talking of Christian resignation and intellectual concentration and all the rest of it, they unconsciously perpetuate the great misunderstanding of the composer. Small wonder that Handel, the nature-lover, the essentially unintellectual who liked to write music for performance out of doors, who had a passion for pictures and collected them, who had, in short, every characteristic of what the psychologists call "a visual," small wonder that for him blindness signified death not only physical but æsthetic.

**BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) LTD.**

THE twenty-fourth Ordinary General Meeting of this company was held on June 28th at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, London. Sir Jesse Boot, J.P., chairman and managing director, presided, and expressed his pleasure in being able to bring forward a balance-sheet showing increased profits. He felt they could also be gratified in the fact that they had played a useful part in supplying to the troops comforts of a medicinal and sanatory nature which no other firm could have provided. Work in connection with drugs and dispensing had been extremely heavy; and, apart from this, one source of increased profit had been the custom at their branches with those who had purchased for their friends and relatives at home and abroad the little personal comforts and medicaments sold by their firm alone, as well as the numerous toilet and other articles supplied by them in common with other firms. Ever since the training of the New Armies commenced their shops in military areas had been veritable hives of business.

In view of these business conditions, they proposed to pay, as last year, a dividend of 10 per cent. free of Income Tax, for it seemed preferable to maintain the dividend at a steady rate rather than to pay one annual dividend at, say, 14 per cent. and a year or so later pay only some 6 per cent. It was really a matter of no little thankfulness that they were able to do this, and at the same time to strengthen their resources. The wisdom of providing adequate reserves was manifest; and should there be that severe trade reaction which many expected, they might still hope to continue a satisfactory dividend. They had been carefully considering the case of their many thousands of smaller shareholders, and had decided during the ensuing year to pay dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent., but the shareholders themselves will then be called upon to pay Income Tax upon the dividends. This would benefit all shareholders whose income was less than £2,000 per annum.

Last year, the Chairman stated, it was his privilege to announce that their parent company had commenced the manufacture, on a considerable scale, of fine chemicals previously imported from Germany. Many difficulties had been encountered in this connection during the past twelve months, but many successes had attended their efforts. Large sums had been spent in chemical apparatus and machinery, as well as in research work; and he could, without boasting, fairly claim that they had made more progress than any other firm in supplying for pharmaceutical use synthetic organic chemicals not previously manufactured in this country.

During the last twenty-two months they had expended some £11,000 in supplementing the Army pay of those employees who in the early stages of the war volunteered for active service. Whereas a year ago 1,200 had left their various staffs to join the Forces, this year, before compulsory service was established, the number with the colors had increased to nearly 1,900. Every section of the staff had its representatives with the colors, and his own son, who was on the directorate, shared the honor of national service with hundreds of comrades from their various departments and branches.

The Chairman said he did not propose to deal in detail with the figures. It was sufficient to say that they showed an advance in every respect upon previous years. If they did not, however, divide quite so large an amount as on some occasions among the Ordinary shareholders, the undivided profits stood to their credit, and the chief holders of Ordinary shares were the original promoters of the business, who might well be trusted to use the best of their judgment in assenting to the proposed distribution without demur. He was glad to state that they had been able to make some addition to the Reserve Funds of each of the companies, and he moved that the accounts be received, and that the appropriation of profits as printed in the Directors' Report be adopted.

Mr. T. S. Ratcliffe, in seconding the resolution, said he would like to say as an Ordinary shareholder that he thought the Board had been right in the policy of again paying 10 per cent. only on the Ordinary shares, as no one could prophesy what sort of trade there would be after the war. Some thought there would be a boom, and others thought there would be a slump, and therefore the Chairman's resolve to conserve the finances would be approved by every shareholder, as it added to the security of the dividends that would be paid in the future. They were especially glad to hear from the Chairman of the progress made in chemicals for pharmaceutical use.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. E. S. Waring, seconded by Mr. A. Whitaker, Captain John C. Boot was re-elected a director; and on the motion of Mr. A. N. Bromley, seconded by Mr. Sparks, Messrs. Sharp, Parsons & Co. were reappointed auditors.

Mr. G. T. C. Parsons, in thanking the meeting for the reappointment of his firm as auditors, said he had had special pleasure in certifying the account this year, inasmuch as they were specially good, and these good results had been arrived at under very difficult circumstances. A year ago he felt some doubt as to what the result of the year might be, and therefore it had been a matter of surprise as well as pleasure to see how well the difficulties had been surmounted, and how well those associated with the Chairman had risen to the occasion.

## Help the Homeless People of Poland

### BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND FUND

(with which is affiliated the British Moscow Relief Committee).

The devastation of Poland is one of the greatest tragedies of the war. People who once were well-to-do stand in silent, anxious crowds waiting their turn while the soup kitchens pass along. Thousands are living in trucks, and sleeping on the stone floors of railway stations. Women, with children in their arms, have walked hundreds of miles to escape the horrors of German invasion, and have arrived at their destination so dazed and tired that the joy of seeing a friendly face, or hearing a friendly voice, has been denied them. "It is the saddest sight I have ever seen," states a writer, in a letter from Moscow, and to all who feel compassion for the victims of the war—broken men and women, and starving children—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

EVELEIGH NASH, Esq., Hon. Treasurer,

Great Britain to Poland Fund,

36, King Street, Covent Garden, London.

*N.B.—No contributions pass through German or Austrian hands. The money collected is sent to the Russo-Asiatic Bank in Petrograd, and considerable profit is made on the extremely favourable rate of exchange. In normal times, Russia gives us 35 roubles for £10, but at present she gives us 150 roubles for £10. The English equivalent of a rouble is a fraction over 2½.*

### Twenty Shillings will keep Twenty people from Starvation for a Week.

Committees have been established in all the  
principal cities of the United Kingdom.

Patrons:

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE EARL OF ROSEBURY.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR G. W. BUCHANAN,

British Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Petrograd.

Chairman: THE LADY BYRON.

Hon. Secretary: C. W. NICHOLSON, Esq.

Hon. President: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Hon. Vice-Presidents:

The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. | Sir HORACE PLUNKETT.

The VISCOUNT BRYCE. | Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bt.

The Ven. ARCHDEACON CUNNINGHAM.

Hon. President Edinburgh Committee:

THE LORD DUNEDIN.

Hon. President Glasgow Committee:

THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

Hon. President Manchester Committee:

THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.

Patrons Liverpool Committee:

The LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL. The EARL OF DERBY.

Hon. Treasurer:

EVELEIGH NASH, Esq.,

36, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON.

Auditors: LEONARD G. LANE & Co.,

56, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Bankers: THE RUSSO-ASIATIC BANK,

64, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "Great Britain to Poland Fund."



We have neither space nor inclination to discuss here the many points of interest raised by M. Rolland's always suggestive book. Needless to say, he treats more than adequately all the familiar questions that are associated with Handel's name, his plagiarisms, the political and social intrigues that alternately made and marred him. Not even the exceedingly interesting pages that deal with the natural difficulty experienced by the composer in writing tunes (who would have thought it?) or the problem of how his music may best be interpreted nowadays can be more than mentioned. These are matters for the specialist, and to such M. Rolland's name needs no recommendation. We have preferred to emphasize the point of M. Rolland's book that is of special interest to the general public. After all, to us in England Handel has always been essentially the composer of the people. In an age of execrable taste the people adapted him to their needs and did their best to metamorphose him into somebody quite alien to himself. Now, when taste is improving, let us see to it that he does not suffer unmerited neglect through the sins of his mid-Victorian interpreters. It may be said without fear of contradiction that every single composition of Handel contains at least one jewel beyond price. We shall be extremely foolish if we throw those jewels away because we are growing tired of the settings. Handel, it must never be forgotten, was typical of Classicism; Romanticism, incapable of appreciating its greater precursor, misunderstood the composer on that account, and mistook his formal perfection for asceticism, his light-handed dexterity for frivolity. The Naturalism of our age must restore him to his proper place. In a word, we must perpetually remember that the "artificiality" of "Acis and Galatea" is just as important as the "seriousness" of "The Messiah," because both are equally typical of the composer's warm humanity.

#### A SWEDISH AUTHOR.

"Jerusalem: A Novel." From the Swedish of SELMA LAGERLÖF. Translated by V. S. HOWARD. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

It is significant that the translations of Selma Lagerlöf's works have always come to us from America. It means nothing to our public, we fear, that the only woman who has won the Nobel Prize for literature should be this Swedish author, famous throughout her land. Who wants to be told about the life of the folk of Vermland and Dalecarlia when we don't even trouble to read the work of the one story-teller of genius who has chronicled Australian life—Henry Lawson? Mr. Henry Goddard Leach, who writes a sympathetic introduction to "Jerusalem," remarks that "the average mind welcomes an idealism as wholesome as that of Miss Lagerlöf. . . . She entered Swedish literature at a period when the cold, gray star of realism was in the ascendant, when the trenchant pen of Strindberg had swept away the cobwebs of unreality, and people were accustomed to plays and novels almost brutal in their frankness." It seems curious that the one Swedish author who has had any vogue in England should be this same "brutal" Strindberg! But the fact is, we believe, that Strindberg appealed to that special audience which is always seeking a morbid thrill in literature, the public which buys translations of Artzibashev because he is really a decadent force. On the other hand, our great, healthy, middle-class audience is too unimaginative to recognize "idealism" that has not the English hall-mark, though it is now manfully struggling to do its duty and assimilate the Russian masterpieces. No doubt, if Sweden were to join the Allies there would be a boom in Selma Lagerlöf, and people would think it good form to know something about "Gösta Berling's Saga."

Selma Lagerlöf's idealism is seen to most advantage when she is portraying indigenous types in old-fashioned communities, whose habits and ways of thought have been little affected by the passage of centuries. In "Jerusalem" the scene is laid in a Dalecarlian parish, in a fruitful valley on the Dal River, in the 'eighties of last century. The old family of the Ingmars has always held predominance in the valley for sagacity and fair-dealing, but old Ingmar has died, and young Ingmar, shunned by the neighbors, no longer has a say in parish affairs. He had forced Brita of

Bergskog to come to the farm against her will, her parents pressing her to make the rich match. But the marriage had been put off for a year, and Brita, brooding over her condition, has strangled her illegitimate child. The story opens when Brita is coming out of prison, and young Ingmar is arguing with himself as to whether he ought not to marry her or whether he shall let her father ship her off to America. His love for the girl is dead, but his conscience tells him that it will be base if he lets Brita shoulder all the blame. There is true spiritual beauty in the scene where Ingmar meets Brita at the prison gate and carries her off to Ingmarsson. She will not let him marry her out of pity. He remains hard and cold to her till he learns from a letter (which was only to be delivered after she has sailed) that in prison her aversion has turned to love. This scene is typical of Selma Lagerlöf's art. She has the power of striking the rock and bringing forth in the breast of her people the living springs of charity and loving kindness. It is a peculiar power, and yet her moral pictures do not falsify the unwelcome facts of life. They always emphasize the struggle for mastery between the hard, egoistic surface of life, the self-protective and self-regarding impulses of caution, with the finer, tender, and generous instincts. Thus, when Ingmar, now an old man, gets his death while he is rescuing three little children on a raft from the river in flood, he first debates with himself whether he has a right to risk his life. His wife, Brita, has lately died, and his one wish is to rejoin her. But ought he to leave his little son alone in the world? And who will look after the farm if he dies? But the problem is solved by the simple thought, "In any case, it must be as God wills." And the old peasant, plunging into the river, brings the children safely to land, but dies of a blow from a heavy log. Very similar is the appeal of the scene in which Tims Halvor receives the dead man's silver watch, battered in his struggle in the river, from the lad Ingmar, with the message, "Give it, with my greetings to the man I have wronged." It is so simple, natural, and direct in its pathos that Tims Halvor's hatred and brooding pride have to yield, despite his will.

Her clear, direct vision of the strands of good and bad that fuse in human motive is not, however, so simplified that Selma Lagerlöf cannot wield, when she wishes, the effective weapon of irony. There is deep humor in the chapter "In Zion," which tells how Storm, the dictatorial schoolmaster, who has taught for thirty years, and has come to believe that the spiritual welfare of the parish rests with him, builds a mission-house "to repel schism and promote the welfare of the church," and how, after he has shown the folk that "a plain, ordinary man can preach the Word of God," everyone wishes to preach in his turn! and so heresy, revolt, and division rend the parish, as the poor pastor had predicted. Penetrating also, in its quiet firmness, is the handling of the episode of Hellgum, the mystic's spiritual influence over the people, of his cures of the sick, of his founding of a religious community, which leads to strife and dissension among parents and children. This episode leads us to the central motif in the book—the struggle between the community's religious idealism and its members' love for their native soil. Hellgum, the mystic, returns to Chicago, but in an Apostolic letter he invites his followers to sell their possessions and give up their homes and band themselves together in emigrating to Jerusalem. It is, indeed, a sore trial of faith, this invitation, and very touching are the scenes that follow, such as that in which the old farmer, Håk Matts Ericsson, is persuaded by his fanatical son to sell the old homestead "and wander through the valley of Sharon and the desert of Judea"; but when he comes to the lawyer's to sign the deed of sale he writes his Christian name, then lays down the pen, and refuses to part with his property!

This closing motif knits together all the threads of the story. Very fine is the chapter where Ingmar Ingmarsson has to choose between keeping faith with the woman he loves and losing his old home for ever, or retaining it by a loveless marriage. He chooses the latter, for the sake of the ancestral tradition of his family, but, peasant-like, he feels that somehow or other he will win Gertrude in the end! But we have not space here to outline further the strength and charm of the many carefully-wrought scenes of Dalecarlian life. The soul of a people is here caught and preserved for us in a



## EDUCATIONAL.

**BOOTHAM SCHOOL.**

The new Prospectus treats of—

School Work, its Aims and Methods.  
Leisure-Hour Pursuits.  
Games and Physical Exercises.

Write for copies to the Headmaster, Bootham School, York.

**CRONHAM HURST SCHOOL, near South Croydon.**

House built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education to cultivate wide interests and intelligent habits of work. Special encouragement given to leisure pursuits and individual reading. Hockey, Tennis, Swimming, Riding.

Pupils prepared for University.

Full domestic course for senior pupils and external students.

Principals—Miss Theodora E. Clark and Miss K. M. Ellis.

**PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).  
Country School for Girls.**

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NIELD, M.A. (Vict.), Class. Tripos (Camb.).  
Prospectus on application.

**THE HINDHEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**

EDUCATION THOROUGHLY MODERN; physical training and outdoor games. Great attention is paid to healthful conditions of life. The boarding-house stands at an elevation of 800 ft.—For prospectus, address: Principal, BRACKENHURST, HINDHEAD, SURREY.

**THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.**

SCHOLARSHIPS EXAMINATION IN JULY.

Particulars from "Public Schools Year Book" or the Bursar.  
Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

FOUNDED 1811.

**CATERHAM SCHOOL,  
SURREY.**

Splendid situation on North Downs, 500 ft. above sea level.  
18 acres of playing fields, boys' gardens, &c.  
Large number of graduates on staff. Excellent equipment.

**WILLASTON SCHOOL.**

A PUBLIC SCHOOL ON MODERN LINES,  
WITH PREPARATORY; MODERATE FEES.  
PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION TO THE  
Headmaster, WILLASTON SCHOOL, Nantwich, Cheshire.

**CHANCERY MOUNT SCHOOL,  
BISHOP'S STORTFORD.**

Headmistress: Miss ESTHER CASE, M.A. (Dublin) (Classical Tripos, Cambridge).

Second Mistress: Miss ESTHERBROOK HICKS, B.Sc. Lond.

A sound education for girls from seven to eighteen years.

**FURNITURE For Cash**

The best Stock of Furniture in London  
at **LOWEST PRICES**  
for Excellence of Quality and Design.

Wm. SPRIGGS & Co. Ltd. 238-241 Tottenham Court Rd W

**Prudential Assurance Company,  
Ltd.**

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds - - - - £94,000,000  
Claims Paid - - - - £126,000,000

**CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. 11 a.m.  
DEFERENCE FOR INDIVIDUALITY.

**FRIENDS OF ARMENIA**

Office and Embroidery Depôt:

47, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.  
HOURS, 10-5; SATURDAYS, 10-1. Tel.: 1198 Vic.

President: LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

Chairman and Hon. Treasurer: E. W. BROOKS, Esq.

Hon. Sec.: Mrs. MARY HICKSON. Office Sec.: Miss B. HICKSON.

**T**HOUSANDS of ARMENIAN REFUGEES in their Faith and Hope are turning their faces homeward to their own country, confident that help will be forthcoming for rebuilding their devastated homes, for agricultural implements, for food, seed-corn, cattle and other necessities. Willing and sympathetic helpers are on the spot, nurses are in the Hospitals, and doctors are there to tend them, but without Funds this cannot go on.

These brave long-suffering Christians must be helped to realise their dreams of starting life again in their own land. Famine stares them in the face if they are not self-supporting before Winter is upon them.

We therefore appeal once more to the generous public, confident that they will come to our help in this work of mercy.

**PLEASE HELP US**

By Subscribing as generously as possible to the Repatriation Fund.

Remittances in aid of our Funds should be addressed to E. WRIGHT BROOKS, Esq., Hon. Treasurer.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "London County and Westminster Bank," and Treasury Notes registered.

**NITRATE PRODUCERS' STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.**

THE twenty-first Annual General Meeting of the shareholders was held on June 27th, at the offices of Messrs. Lowther, Latta & Co., 20, Billiter Buildings, E.C. Mr. John Latta (the chairman) presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that their profits appeared large, but were more apparent than real. Of the surplus over normal times, 60 per cent went to the Exchequer, and 5s. in the £1 income tax on their total profit, as well as 3s. 6d. in the £1 super tax on a considerable portion of it. The man in the street urged that nobody had any right to profit from the war. That would be reasonable enough were he prepared to guarantee that when the war was over its adverse consequences, from the shipowner's point of view, would be over as well. To meet a condition of things forced on the shipowner by national necessity, old-fashioned, yet sound, principles of economy had to be sacrificed. Working expenses in every branch had attained records that appalled the most experienced managers.

He claimed that 60 per cent. excess profits tax had been a positive inducement to profligacy, as its inverse application was tantamount to the Government paying 60 per cent. of whatever abnormal expenditure shipowners might incur. While freights maintained their present high level all was well, but immediately peace was declared rates would have an unexampled slump, and experience had taught them that working costs did not slump. They had reason to fear that the surplus over normal earnings remaining after the Government had been satisfied would prove altogether inadequate to meet the heavy burdens which the aftermath of war would leave with them. Ship-owning should be regarded from a national point of view as a trade by itself; otherwise the Empire might be faced with insoluble mercantile problems. The war had shown how absolutely dependent we were upon our mercantile marine.

The Chairman referred to the bravery of their Commodore, Captain Parslow, who was killed during a successful effort to save the steamship "Anglo-California," and stated that if ever a seaman deserved to have a monument raised to his memory to perpetuate what British seamen could do, Captain Parslow had earned that distinction, and the company would ever be proud of having had such a commander.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Gamble North, and unanimously adopted.

drama of great spiritual beauty. That is why Selma Lagerlöf was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, and why English readers should not remain indifferent to her art. Mr. Leach lavishes great praise on Miss Howard's version, which would be adequate were not many passages disfigured by the use of American slang. Also, we may ask, why is only the first half of the story translated?

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Pleasures and Palaces." By Princess LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH. (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH is a Californian lady who has married a Serbian prince, with whom she has collaborated in writing the most complete history in English of the Serbian people. Her volume of reminiscences brings us into the company of the usual crowd of royalties and celebrities from Edward VII. and Mr. Balfour to Mounet-Sully and Mr. Bernard Shaw. She gossips about all of them pleasantly enough, and her recollections of her stage career are not without interest; but, taken as a whole, the book is in no way striking or sensational. It reveals its writer's enthusiasm for America, England, and Serbia, her concern about the social problem, and the condition of the poor, and her stage ambitions and ideals. When acting Shakespeare she made a study of the text of the early folios, and she has a remarkable story of documents relating to Shakespeare, some of them believed to be in his own handwriting, which she chanced upon in her researches. "Their examination would, however," she adds, "involve taking cognizance of some other matters in the same chest, which, for public reasons, not important, it has not appeared desirable to disturb these three hundred years." It is to be hoped that secrets now three centuries old will no longer prevent an examination of this amazing chest.

"English Public Health Administration." By B. G. BANNINGTON. (King. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BANNINGTON'S book, to which Mr. Graham Wallas has contributed an introduction, is one of the series of monographs by writers connected with the London School of Economics and Political Science. Its purpose is to give an account of the Public Health Department as an administrative unit in our system of local government, and it is intended both for students and officials. The modern English public health service is so new in many of its provisions, that the administrative relations between the various authorities are for the most part unknown except to specialists. Mr. Bannington's book is the work of a man who has spent seventeen years in the service, and should prove useful in quarters where a purely formal treatise would be unlikely to receive attention. It is comprehensive, well-arranged, and authoritative.

"The Drink Problem of To-day in its Medico-Sociological Aspects." (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a volume of fourteen essays on various aspects of the liquor question, edited by Dr. T. N. Kelynach, the Hon. Sec. of the Society for the Study of Inebriation, who himself contributes a luminous chapter on the arrest of alcoholism during the war. Some of the most eminent scientists and specialists on the question have co-operated in the production of the book, which forms the most many-sided study ever published of the various medical and sociological problems which the use of liquor presents to the pathologist and the legislator.

### The Week in the City.

THE week has been a quiet one on the Stock Exchange, but there will probably be a good deal more activity next week, owing to the removal of minimum prices from municipal and other securities. The tone has been improving again, thanks to the better appearance of the war map. Another source of satisfaction is found in reports from Washington that hopes are again entertained that war with Mexico will be avoided. There has also been a decline in food prices during the week, for bread, meat, and potatoes are all cheaper.

#### THE STOCK MARKETS IN JUNE.

Although the buoyancy of the Stock Markets has during the past few days been less marked than in the earlier part of the month, the general activity of the first three weeks has resulted in an all-round improvement in prices as compared with the end of May. The monthly figures published by the "Bankers' Magazine" show that during June there was an advance in values of 2.6 per cent., the first to be shown since last November. Only one section, namely, copper mines, which fell in sympathy with a reaction in the price of the metal, has recorded a decline, and every other department has contributed to the rise, the most conspicuous being British Funds, Foreign Government Securities, Home and American Railways, British Banks, and Home Industrials. One of the principal causes of the activity has been the imposition of the 2s. tax on dollar securities, which the Treasury is willing to purchase or borrow. There was a great rush of selling and the reinvestment of the proceeds in other securities.

#### THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

As already mentioned, Bank shares have participated in the general upward movement of prices. The following table shows how prices have risen since the end of October last:—

	Price.			
	End Oct.	End May.	Present	Rise since
	1915.	1916.		End of
				Oct.
Barclay "A" ...	7 15-16	7 15-16	8 1-16	1
Barclay "B" ...	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Capital & Counties ...	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lloyds ...	21	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
London S. Western ...	10 11-16	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 21-32	31-32
London City & Midland	7 9-32	7 9-16	8 1-32	2
London County & Western	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 13-16	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 15-16
London Joint Stock ...	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Nat. Provincial ...	22	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Parr's ...	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Union of Lond. & Smith's	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	23 9-16	25 1-16	2 7-16

The large deposits now held by the banks, coupled with the great activity of trade and the higher rates obtainable for unemployed balances, point to large gross profits, and although expenses are much heavier than usual, especially in the direction of allowances to members of the staff serving in the Army, there is every prospect of net profits making an exceptionally good showing. The recovery in gilt-edged stocks is also a favorable factor, for the allowances for depreciation which have recently been on such a large scale will probably be considerably less, so that dividends, if not increased, should at least be maintained.

LUCCELLUM.

## NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds £23,400,000

"An old and first-class office." "Low rates a distinctive feature."—*The Times*.

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

**MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. LTD.**

THE Annual Meeting of the above company was held on June 30th at the Hotel Cecil, W.C.

Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs presided, in the absence of Mr. Marconi, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts said that the business during the year under review had certainly not been normal. There was considerable work in certain parts of the world which they should have been doing, but which it had been impossible to do in consequence of the war; on the other hand, they had had some compensation by having many additional orders at home and from Allied countries.

They had done considerable business with the Admiralty, and nothing could have been more agreeable than the relations between the Company and that Department. The Admiralty had stated how deeply they were indebted to them for their consistently admirable and prompt work on their behalf. They had also stated that no company had served them better.

Their Associated Companies had not been able, in consequence of the war, to make the progress which they otherwise would have done. This applied particularly to the Spanish and Argentine Companies, to the Relay Automatic Telephone Company, and to a considerable degree also to the American Company. The new direct Transatlantic Service with New York, which was ready to open when war broke out, had continued in enforced idleness, the stations on this side having remained in the service of the Government. For this he hoped they would receive some compensation. As soon as the war came to an end they were confident that this new Transatlantic Service would be productive of very considerable revenue to the American Company, as well as to themselves.

Their Belgian Company had been unable again to make up any balance-sheet, and he was consequently unable to give any information with regard to the results. Their programme in respect of the Canadian Company had also been obliged to remain in abeyance meantime.

The French Company had continued to do a satisfactory business, and had paid dividends equivalent to those of the preceding year.

The Marconi International Marine Communication Company had shown an increased profit, and was making excellent headway, and had been able to pay an increased dividend.

Their Russian Company had continued to be extremely busy, and had declared a dividend for the past year at the rate of 15 per cent.

The Spanish and General Trust had suffered, very naturally, in consequence of the war, but it was hoped ere long that part of the programme of that Company would be realized.

The Wireless Press, which had been very prominent in all the daily papers, had developed an excellent business under the able management of Mr. H. W. Allen, who was mainly responsible for its successful development.

They had continued to do an important business with the Italian Government through their Italian Agency, under the energetic and able management of the Marquis Solari, who represented the Company in Italy.

They had had an excellent year, and having £447,315 0s. 7d. to the credit of profit and loss account, were distributing only a small proportion of this amount, carrying forward £307,546 4s. 7d. He did not think he could do better than remind them of what he said upon this subject last year. He then said, after having described to you the nature of the competition with which the Company had had to contend in the past, and the many difficulties with which they have been confronted from time to time, that he had given you that information in order that you should better understand the reason for the conservative policy which the Board had determined to follow, which was that when the war was over in consequence of the great utility which wireless telegraphy had proved itself to be, there would be a very considerable business to be done with a great many foreign countries, and that in consequence of the financial position which might then obtain, it was in their view essential that they should be in the strongest possible position to undertake business in all parts of the world without the necessity of requiring immediate payment therefor. In harboring their resources he was satisfied they were acting in the best interests of the Company.

There were four heads under which considerable sums were payable by the Government to the Company, and Mr. Isaacs went into the details and gave the shareholders full information.

The Chairman stated that the Directors were sensible of the loyal support which they had received from all the officers of the Company and of every member of the staff, without exception, in the Company's employ. The work which they had done had been of the first importance, not only to the Company, but to the country. Many members of their staff were in Government service, many were with His Majesty's Forces, and they owed a deep debt of gratitude to them and to those who had rendered equal service at home.

Concluding, Mr. Isaacs stated that he announced at the general meeting of the Marconi International Marine Communication Company, which was held a couple of weeks back, that in the very near future Mr. Marconi would introduce a new, independent, and very simple installation, to be worked from the bridge of a ship, which would put an end to all danger of collision at sea in darkness or in fog. This represented but a part of Mr. Marconi's latest work. It was his belief that Mr. Marconi's new inventions would prove as epoch making in the progress of the art of wireless telegraphy as was in 1900 the now world-famous patent known as the four sevens.

**The NATIONAL REFUGES**

and Training Ships 'ARETHUSA' & 'CHICHESTER'  
has sent its OLD BOYS

into 70 BRITISH REGIMENTS and to  
the vessels of the BRITISH FLEETS.

6,000 have entered Merchant Service,  
1,200 Boys and Girls now being maintained.

**The heavy increase in food and materials has  
entailed a heavy burden on the funds.  
SPECIAL HELP IS MUCH NEEDED.**

Patrons: Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN.  
National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children,  
and the Training Ship 'Arethusa.'

London Office: 104 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.  
Joint Secretaries: H. BRISTOW WALLER, HENRY G. COPELAND.

**Goddard's  
Plate Powder**

FOR CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, Etc.  
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/-, 2/6 & 4/6.

**HOTELS AND HYDROS.****THACKERAY HOTEL** (Temperance.)  
GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

Passenger Lifts. Bath-rooms on every floor. Lounge and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiards and Smoking Rooms. All Floors Fire-proof. Perfect Sanitation. Night Porter. Telephone. BEDROOM, Breakfast, Bath and attendance, 6/6 per night per person. Full Tariff and Testimonials post free on application.

Telegraphic Address—"Thackeray, London." Telephone—Museum 1220 (2 lines).

**BATH.**

WALDRON'S Private Hotel, Queen's Sq. Nr. Park & Mineral Baths.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.**

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.  
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**

SILVERHAW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gardens. From 35s. week.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.  
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

**BRIGHTON.**

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. Fred. T. Pamment, Manager.

**CHELTENHAM.**

ELLENBOROUGH HOUSE. Private Hotel. Close to Spa and Concerts. Tel. 1071. Tariff. Mrs. Merrett.

**EDINBURGH.**

EDINBURGH HYDROPATHIC, Slateford. On Craiglockhart Estate. 200 Visitors. Trams to City 2d.

MARSDEN HOUSE. 75, Leamington Terrace. Mrs. Mackintosh

**LEEDS.**

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

**LIVERPOOL.**

LAURENCE'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. Clayton Square.

**LYNTON (Devon).**

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

**MATLOCK.**

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Turkish, Continental, and Electric Baths.

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

OLDHAM HOUSE HYDROS. Tennis, Bowls, Baths. From 5s.

**SILLOTH-ON-SOLWAY.**

GOLF HOTEL. First-class family hotel. Garage and stabling. Phone 8 Silloth. W. Dyer, Proprietor and Manager.

**SOUTHPORT.**

ROWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St. Hot Lunch, Afternoon Tea. Tel. 647.

**WARWICK.**

THE "DALE" HOTEL. Temperance. Shakespeare Country.

**Cheltenham** For GOUT, OBESITY & RHEUMATISM  
NATURAL Water  
FROM ALL CHEMISTS  
1/- PER BOTTLE



# WARD, LOCK & CO.'S LIST

## NEW SIX-SHILLING FICTION

From all Libraries and Booksellers.

<b>FAITH TRESILION</b>	<b>Eden Phillpotts</b>
<b>THE BORDERER</b>	<b>Harold Bindloss</b>
<b>THE CRIMSON FIELD</b>	<b>Halliwell Sutcliffe</b>
<b>FREY AND HIS WIFE (3s. 6d.)</b>	<b>Maurice Hewlett</b>
<b>THE INTERIOR</b>	<b>Lindsay Russell</b>
<b>THE WRAITH OF OLVERSTONE</b>	<b>Florence Warden</b>
<b>THE FOOTLIGHT GLARE</b>	<b>Alice and Claude Askew</b>
<b>THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY</b>	<b>J. S. Fletcher</b>
<b>BENTLEY'S CONSCIENCE</b>	<b>Paul Trent</b>
<b>THE ATONEMENT</b>	<b>James Blyth</b>
<b>WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF</b>	<b>Silas K. Hocking</b>
<b>MAID MARJORY</b>	<b>L. G. Moberly</b>
<b>THE MAID INDOMITABLE</b>	<b>L. T. Meade</b>
<b>THE STORY OF A GREAT SIN</b>	<b>Marie Connor Leighton</b>
<b>THE RED BICYCLE</b>	<b>Fergus Hume</b>
<b>THE PLACE OF DRAGONS</b>	<b>William Le Queux</b>
<b>AMBITION'S SLAVE</b>	<b>Fred M. White</b>
<b>THE TOMB OF TS'IN</b>	<b>Edgar Wallace</b>

The  
Notable

## WINDSOR

JULY

FINELY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

**Lords and Commons and the War.  
Hospital Ships.**

**An Anti-Aircraft Battery.**

**The "Snapshots from Home" League.**

NOTABLE STORIES BY

<b>Halliwell Sutcliffe</b>	<b>Vincent Brown</b>
<b>Edgar Wallace</b>	<b>Theodore G. Roberts</b>
<b>Ethel Turner</b>	<b>Fred M. White</b>

And other well-known Authors.

## WARD, LOCK & CO.'S SHILLING GUIDE-BOOKS.

These little red handbooks, which have long been recognized as the best and cheapest of the kind, are familiar in every part of the British Isles. To thousands of tourists at home and abroad a "Ward, Lock" is as indispensable a companion as a travelling-bag.

### ENGLAND AND WALES.

Aberystwyth  
Aldeburgh-on-Sea  
Anglesey and N. Wales  
Bangor, Carnarvon, &c.  
Barnstaple and N.W. Devon  
Bath, Wells, Cheddar, &c.  
Bettws-y-Coed, Snowdon, &c.  
Bexhill and District  
Bideford, Clovelly, &c.  
Bognor, Selsey, &c.  
Bournemouth and District  
Brecon and S. Wales  
Bridlington and District  
Bridport, West Bay, &c.  
Brighton and Hove  
Broads, The  
Broadstairs and N.E. Kent  
Bude and N. Cornwall  
Budleigh Salterton  
Buxton and the Peak  
Canterbury and N.E. Kent  
Cardiff and S. Wales  
Carmarvon and North Wales  
Channel Islands and adjoining Coast of France  
Chichester and S.W. Sussex  
Clivedon, Portlithhead, Colwyn Bay  
Conway, Deganwy, &c.  
Criccieth and Cardigan Bay  
Cromer  
Dartmoor  
Dawlish & S.E. Devon  
Deal, Walmer, Sandwich  
Dover, St. Margaret's Bay, &c.  
Dovercourt, Harwich, &c.  
Eastbourne, Seaford, &c.  
Exeter and S.E. Devon  
Exmouth and District  
Falmouth and South Cornwall  
Felixstowe & District  
Fife, Farnborough &c.  
Folkestone, Sandgate, &c.  
Fowey & S. Cornwall  
Harrogate and District  
Hastings, St. Leonards, Hereford and the Wye Valley  
Herne Bay, Whitstable, &c.  
Hythe, Littlestone, &c.  
Ilfracombe & N. Devon  
Isle of Man  
Isle of Wight

Lake District, The  
Leamington & District  
Littlehampton, Arundel, &c.  
Liverpool, Birkenhead, Llandrindod Wells, &c.  
Llandudno & N. Wales  
Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, &c.  
London and Environs  
Loce and S. Cornwall  
Lowestoft and District  
Lyme Regis and District  
Lynton and Lymouth  
Malvern & District  
Margate, Westgate, &c.  
Matlock and District  
Minehead, Exmoor, &c.  
Newquay, and N. Cornwall  
Nottingham and District  
Paignton and S. Devon  
Penmaenmawr and North Wales  
Penzance and West Cornwall  
Plymouth and South-West Devon  
Pwllheli and Cardigan Bay  
Ramsgate & N.E. Kent  
Rhyl and North Wales  
Ripon and District  
St. Ives and West Cornwall  
Scarborough and District  
Seaford, Lewes, &c.  
Seaton and District  
Sheringham, Ranton, &c.  
Sherwood Forest  
Sidmouth and South-East Devon  
Southold and District  
Stratford-upon-Avon  
Swanage, Corfe, &c.  
Teignmouth & District  
Tenby and South Wales  
Thames, The  
Torquay & District  
Towyn, Aberdovey, &c.  
Wales, North (N. Section)  
Wales, North (S. Section)  
Wales South (S. Section)  
Warwick, Kenilworth, Weston-super-Mare  
Weymouth and District  
Whitby, Robin Hood's Bay  
Worcester and District  
Worthing and South West Sussex  
Wye Valley  
Yarmouth & District

### SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen, Deeside, &c.  
Edinburgh and District  
Glasgow & the Clyde.  
Highlands, The

Inverness and the Northern Highlands  
Oban and the Western Highlands

### IRELAND.

Antrim (County), Giant's Causeway, &c.  
Belfast, Mourne Mountains, &c.  
Cork, Glengarriff, &c.  
Donegal Highlands

Dublin, Bray, Wicklow, &c.  
Killarney and South-West Ireland  
Londonderry and Co. Donegal

WARD, LOCK & CO., LTD., Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London; and published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916.

